

## What We Do in the Basement by Magladin

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**Summary:** Mike gets picked on at school. El is the new girl. Mike's favorite hobby is watching porn to get himself ready for when he can finally leave Hawkins and start fresh. They get paired together for a school project and get to know each other REALLY well in Mike's basement.

## 1. Chapter 1

Sigh, this story is really just to give me something to occupy my time. Magladin is a team effort and my partner is really busy with school right now and for the foreseeable future. We have several stories we've started but I don't want to finish them without her so I'll wait. So eventually there will (hopefully for my sanity) be some more good angsty stories. We've certainly started a few. And if it doesn't work out I'll begrudgingly finish them myself because those were some happy times writing them and I refuse to let our work and our selves just fade away. But my plan is to wait until she has some free time.

So enjoy this little offering. I missed Mileven so I wrote about them and it made me happy for a minute.

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*I hate those locker room fucks.* Mike Wheeler hung his head as he entered to change for P.E. He knew the name calling would start soon. He couldn't escape it. At school he was a nerd, or in the locker room, a *pussy* and a *faggot* and any other base name his braindead classmates could muster. The latter one was kind of comical actually, as Troy would call Mike a faggot and then turn around and snap his towel across James' bare ass. But if Mike pointed *that* out, he'd surely be beaten with socks full of bar soap.

It had been this way at school for years. Mike just took it, knowing that eventually he'd go to college and never look back at the portal to Hell that was Hawkins, Indiana. No girls would ever give him a chance either, most likely due to the rumors and how Mike didn't really have any *cool friends* and like many teenage girls, the ones at Hawkins High School seemed to be more concerned with what the world thought of their choices than the actual merit of those choices. And they had collectively chosen to assume that Mike Wheeler was not worth anyone's effort.

Somehow he got through gym class unscathed on that Tuesday. He had changed as quickly as possible and got out onto the court before anyone could catch him to bully him. After class he decided to skip the shower and threw his jeans and t-shirt back on in record time,

dashing from the locker room wearing his shoes like slippers. He could tie them when he got to his next class.

His next class offered Mike the only real joy he got in the day, though he kept it to himself. The previous month, a new girl had started going to his school. She was the daughter of the Chief of Police and Mike thought she was quite interesting. He didn't know much about her because he'd never talked to her, but he knew she was from Las Vegas and he knew she didn't seem happy to be in Hawkins.

But hey, who was?

She sat one table up and to the right of Mike in English and he found himself staring at her lovely hair, the way the sunlight would filter through even on the cloudiest days and only illuminate *her*. That particular Tuesday happened to be very sunny though so Mike hadn't been able to tear his eyes away. He'd imagine what it would be like to talk to her, to hang out with her. He imagined that they'd have things in common that could bond them together. He knew he was being stupidly romantic, that things like that didn't happen, but he couldn't stop the daydreams no matter how hard he tried. He was only jerked back to reality when he heard his name called.

"What?" Mike asked, feeling embarrassed that he'd missed the question...or whatever the teacher had said.

"Pair together with El Hopper for the project. You are in class, Mr. Wheeler, and I am putting you in the teams I've assigned for the end of the theater unit. So one of you needs to move to the other's table. Do you understand now?" The teacher seemed annoyed.

"Yes ma'am," Mike said lowly as he gathered his books. *El Hopper? She's my partner? Don't fuck it up, Mike.*

El regarded him nonchalantly as he took his seat. Mike tried to ignore the snickers coming from the back of the room.

"Pssst! Hey, El," Troy whispered. "Sorry you got stuck with the pussy. If you need a man, you just let me know."

Mike didn't miss how she effortlessly tilted her hand and gracefully

extended Troy her middle finger. It made his chest feel warm. He wanted to get to know her but he couldn't talk to her during class. He was trying to figure out what to do when the teacher's voice once again cut through his thoughts.

"...By next week. So meet with your partner however works best for you but your joint essay on comparing the works of existential authors will be due next Friday."

Mike glanced at El. "Um, how do you want to do this?" He asked, nervous to finally be speaking to her.

El looked thoughtful. "I'm not sure yet. I guess we could meet at my house? Oh, I'm El, by the way. Nice to meet you," she said meekly, as though remembering her manners.

Mike tried to keep from blushing as he extended his hand. "I'm Mike. It's nice to meet you too."

The next two days went by and they still hadn't discussed their project. Sitting right next to her was even more distracting than sitting behind her because now Mike could smell her shampoo and the lotion she used. He wanted to run his fingers through her honey locks and feel her head in his hands. But he knew he could never have that. As soon as she'd been informed of his status at school Mike was sure that El would only speak to him if absolutely necessary.

"Hey, when do you wanna work on this?" He asked on Thursday.

"Are you busy tomorrow? I don't have any plans. You could come over to my house. My dad is kinda mean though." El offered.

Mike thought about it. He'd met Chief Hopper a handful of times and the man had always seemed gruff at best. He found it hard to believe that he'd produced a daughter as pretty as El.

"Um, sure. I can do that." So Mike started psyching himself up for spending time with El at the home of one very surly police chief.

It was then that they were interrupted.

"Too bad you have a fag for a partner," Troy mocked from behind

them. "You know that right? Mike's one, or he's some sort of pussy sissy boy. Why else does he suck at sports? And why do the girls avoid him?" Muffled laughter could be heard as Troy tormented Mike right in front of El. Mike had never felt so embarrassed.

El turned around and looked at Troy. Mike was a little afraid she might agree with him but then she said, "I guess they avoid him because they're all as dumb as you. Are you people all inbred around here? I mean, I've heard of that sort of thing but I never thought I'd see it. It must be weird when your sister is your mother." She turned back around and didn't pay any more attention to Troy.

*Holy shit, she's such a badass!*

At home that night, down in his basement, Mike let off the steam he'd been carrying for the week the way he'd been doing for a couple of years. He thought he was getting pretty good at it. He even kept a log of how long it took, or more appropriately, how long he could hold out, as he watched one of his special movies. He'd made it to twenty minutes with full on touching and was pleased that when he got to college, if a girl ever gave him a chance, he'd be able to rock her world.

Mike was minding his business, sitting at their new table in English and waiting for class to start when he heard the laughter. He turned around, expecting fingers to be pointed at him, because he was usually the target for such a thing, when he saw El walking quickly to the table. Her head was down but what Mike couldn't believe was that her hair was gone. It was buzzed down to a couple of centimeters. She looked like she'd been crying.

"Are you okay?" He asked, wanting so badly to know what happened but not wanting to make anything worse.

"I'm fine. Um, we can't work at my house tonight. I don't want to be around my dad right now."

Mike was instantly disappointed. He'd been looking forward to hanging out with her even if it meant her father would be hovering.

"Oh, okay. Well..."

"Can we do it at your house?" She asked suddenly. Mike could see big tears threatening to spill from her eyes.

"You want to?" He was a little surprised at her question.

"Yes. If it's okay with you." El looked at Mike pleadingly.

"You wanna just go home with me after school then? Would that be okay?" Everything inside him was screaming to make it better; to fix her problem and make her smile. Mike didn't know why, but he felt like it was what he was born to do.

"I'd like that." El smiled at him and Mike knew he'd forever be hers.

There were storm clouds building as Mike waited for El next to the bike rack. He could take the bus but he'd just have to deal with more name calling and maybe even have his backpack stolen so even though he was one of only a few juniors who rode their bikes to school, it was worth it for his own peace of mind. He had gotten tall, ridiculously tall according to his older sister who was away at college, so he had upgraded his bike, trading in the banana seat bike for a chromed out freestyle BMX bike with pegs on the back. The rain was just starting to spit as El appeared from the East door. Even with no hair Mike felt his breath hitch when he looked at her. She was so graceful and never seemed clumsy or awkward, unlike Mike himself. He felt his heart speed up as she approached him, a tiny smile on her face.

"Of course it rains. I'm the bringer of doom apparently," El tried to joke, but Mike didn't think her words sounded totally like she was kidding.

"Just stand on the pegs and hang on to me. Cool? I'll get us home before you get too wet." *What did you just say?!* "I mean, I'll hurry so we're not soaked by the time we get there."

Mike couldn't see since she was behind him, but his comment had made El feel instantly at home. She knew he didn't mean it like it sounded and his awkwardness was refreshingly endearing. She held on a little tighter than she really needed to. For some reason, she felt comfortable with Mike. It was a feeling she hadn't at all experienced

so far in Hawkins. El thought maybe Mike was someone she could finally talk to, to open up to. Maybe Mike could be her *friend*.

The rain was just picking up as Mike rolled into the carport with El standing on his back pegs. He had succeeded in getting them home before the heavier rain started. Already the storm clouds were making it dark and the thunder was booming.

"Wow, I've never seen it get this dark at 4:00," El said, looking out at clouds a little worriedly as Mike put away his bike. "It hardly ever rains in Vegas."

"Oh yeah! You're from Vegas! That's like, really cool! I've never been there. What's it like?" Mike bantered easily now that he was at home, opening the door for her.

"Yeah. I lived there until... Well, maybe later we can talk about that. I don't really want to right now."

Mike noticed how her brow furrowed and how she gave one last tentative look at the dark clouds before they went into the kitchen.

After Mike introduced El to his mother, El excused herself to go to the bathroom and then to call the station to tell her father where she was, despite her anger at him.

"What happened with her hair?" Karen Wheeler asked.

"I don't know. I'm gonna find out. Yesterday it was like, beautiful. It was chestnut, or honey, or different shades of perfect depending on how the light hit it," Mike started, realizing how he was describing El was maybe more than he needed to be saying.

Karen just smiled. She knew Mike's track record with girls and how awkward he was. She had no reason to believe that anything at all untoward would happen if the two of them were to be left alone. After all, Mike wasn't Nancy. He was her cautious, rule abiding, contemplative son and she had no qualms about letting them work in the basement. And El seemed nice, a little scared maybe. Karen knew there must be a story there. She knew Jim Hopper had taken in his daughter after her mother died, but she hadn't said anything to Mike.

That was El's story to tell if she wanted to. Karen was just happy to see that Mike seemed excited and very positive about El being his partner.

They could hear the raining pelting the roof as Karen made them a snack. El was very apprehensive about the storm.

"It's okay. I promise. We'll be in the basement anyway and that's like, the place they say to go in case of dangerous weather. You're safe here," Mike said, sensing her unease.

"Thanks, Mike."

In the basement Mike showed her around. El spotted a video camera and got an idea.

"I've never known anyone with their own video camera. What if we make a movie? Like, we could be the characters, like Siskel and Ebert, and we can review the plays and compare them that way?" El continued to look around the room.

"That's actually a pretty cool idea. We just need to write some dialogue I guess."

The two of them took out their notebooks and started writing, the silence as they worked feeling comfortable to both of them. They were getting some real work done, comparing their notes every few minutes. Mike thought the way they could piggyback from each other's ideas was inspired. They didn't hear the phone when it rang upstairs but they could definitely hear the thunder and in the distance the tornado sirens had started.

"Mike? El? Could you come up here please?" Mike's mother called from the top of the stairs.

Looking at each other questioningly, they climbed the steps.

"El, honey, your father just called. Your entire side of town is without power. He thinks he'll be out dealing with the repercussions of this storm for most of the night and the sirens are going off. He asked if it would be okay if you stayed here with us tonight so you're not all alone in a house without power in this storm. If you really don't want



to I'll drive you home but I really think it would be best if you stay here. You can sleep in Nancy's room. What do you say? Dinner will be ready soon. We'd love for you to join us."

El could smell dinner cooking and it made her mouth water. Her dad was good at warming things up in the microwave. She couldn't say no to a home cooked meal.

"Yeah, stay here. We're having lasagna. We can eat and then work some more. Maybe watch a movie if you want?" Mike heard himself talking but it was hard to believe that he was being so forward. She made him feel like he could say anything though, and he definitely wanted her to stay.

El conceded. She was still mad at her dad anyway and maybe later she could talk to Mike about that. But for now his mom was being so nice and it reminded her of her own mother and before she knew it she felt like she was going to cry. She didn't know that Karen knew about her mom so when Karen hugged her she fell apart. Mike could only watch in confusion as El cried while Karen held her. After a few minutes El pulled herself together and Mike could see from the look that passed between El and his mom that the women knew something he didn't. After that El seemed much more comfortable, laughing some during dinner, and Mike thought that maybe he could continue to make her comfortable as they spent time alone in the basement.

Since it was Friday and they still had practically a week to finish their project, and since they had made such strides in their outline and shooting script, after dinner Mike and El just hung out in the basement.

"Um, you can borrow some of my clothes to sleep in if you want," Mike suggested. "I mean, it's still early but I'm just saying. You don't have to like, sleep in your skirt or anything."

El noticed how Mike kept glancing at her hair, or lack thereof.

"What? Why do you keep looking at my head?"

Mike sighed. "I mean, what happened? Yesterday your hair was the pret—it was like kinda long and flowy. Today it's gone. What

happened?"

El sat down on the sofa. Mike sat beside her, keeping his distance.

"My dad and I got into a fight and I was so mad I just grabbed his clippers and started buzzing. I knew halfway through that it was a huge mistake but I would have looked even stranger if I'd left it only half-buzzed. So now I'm bald. It's gonna take so long to grow back and the kids all have new reasons to make fun of me. They haven't even tried to get to know me *with* hair so I know there's no chance to make friends here in this place *without* hair."

Mike knew all too well what it was like to be made fun of and to feel friendless.

"*I'm* your friend though. I mean, I *want* to be. If you want. No big deal." He tried to sound indifferent, trying to be cool.

"You want to get to know me?" El asked.

*I want to know everything.*

"Sure. Do you think I could touch your head first?" He knew it was silly but her hair seemed so soft and his hand was itching to feel it.

El smiled. "Hmm, you want to touch my head? Well, what if we played a game where we get to know each other? Kinda like Truth or Dare but a little different since it's just two people."

"How would we do that?" Mike asked, already intrigued.

"Well, someone asks a question. Either the person can tell the truth or if they don't want to do that, they have to let the other person do whatever they want."

Mike had all sorts of visions running through his head. His favorite pastime was watching porn and he'd seen too much to not have at least eleven different scenarios of how this could play out bouncing around his brain. He knew it was wishful thinking, but he was definitely not going to turn down such an opportunity.

"Whatever they want? Couldn't that get, like, I don't know, kinda

um...sexual?"

El just smiled mischievously at him and Mike felt his palms get sweaty.

"I guess we'll have to get to know each other to find out about that," El said, neither confirming nor denying his question. "But yeah, to start, you can touch my head."

Mike reached over and gently touched El's shaved head. El felt tingles run down her spine and there was an electricity to his touch that she hadn't expected. As his fingers passed over her scalp their eyes locked and El knew that there was no secret she wouldn't tell him. She also knew that she definitely wanted to play the game in such a way that allowed him to have his way. El didn't know what Mike might want if she denied a truth, but she was hopeful that he was feeling the same way she was.

"It's so soft," Mike whispered. "Um, I thought your hair was really pretty, just so you know. But this...El, you look like a badass and you're still just as pretty without hair. Just sayin'."

El felt her cheeks warm. She didn't want to melt immediately but she knew there was something about Mike that was different than everyone else she'd ever met. She felt *safe* with him.

"Wanna sit in the floor? I mean, telling secrets...I feel like it should be like, *intimate* or something," El said quietly. Mike nodded and they moved to the floor, both sitting on large pillows that Ted Wheeler had deemed too big for the upstairs sofa. They sat facing each other. "You can ask first."

Mike thought about it. There was so much he wanted to know.

"Well, why did you move to Hawkins?"

El knew the question was coming. And she felt comfortable enough to tell him now.

"My mom died. I was raised in Vegas and had only seen my dad four or five times in my whole life. She got sick last year and she died almost two months ago. I miss her." El looked down at the rug.

"Jeez. I'm really sorry, El. That sucks like...that really sucks. What did she do there? Did she work at a casino or something?"

El smiled. "My turn. One question per round. Are you really how they kids at school say you are?"

*So she has heard the rumors*, Mike thought to himself.

"No. Not even a little. I just am nerdy and the kids here...well I'm sure you've noticed that Hawkins isn't running a brain trust. They're the kind of people who don't research things for themselves. The kind that will blindly follow someone just because they're told they should. It's a dangerous thing but luckily I haven't been too hurt. Only name calling and the occasional black eye. But no, I'm not gay, not that I'd care if someone was. I'm not the type of person who judges based on stupid stuff that can't be controlled. I judge people on how they make *me* feel and the only people who have ever hurt me have been white male Americans who identify as straight, and some of their sad lackey girlfriends."

"Wow, now that you say that, I think I could say the same thing as far as people who have hurt me. That's a good way to look at things, Mike."

"So what did your mom do out in Vegas?" Mike asked, picturing casinos and blackjack and roulette tables.

"Actually, she was a stripper. Well, when she was younger. When I was little I'd sometimes go to work with her because she couldn't always afford a babysitter and the other girls would watch me while she worked. I learned a lot. They taught me how to do makeup, both normal everyday stuff as well as sexy makeup that my mom said I wasn't allowed to go out with. I know some moves on the pole, don't laugh!"

Mike was picturing El dancing around a pole and the idea was so enticing he had to laugh to counteract the feelings he was starting to have from thinking about it.

"I'm sorry! I'm not laughing at you. I just...man I'd like to see that. What do I have to ask to get you to do that down here? I mean,

there's no pole but this wooden support might kinda work."

"Well if you ask something I won't answer maybe you can find out," El said flatly. "Okay, me again. Have you ever had sex? Like at camp or anything?"

"No. But um, I think I'd be okay at it. Good maybe," Mike answered coyly.

"What makes you think that?" El asked.

"It's my turn. One question per round, remember?" El huffed and Mike continued. "Have *you* ever had sex?"

El knew what she wanted. She was going to draw it out but Mike made her feel so comfortable and she could still feel how his hands had touched her head, so she started the real game.

"I'm not answering. So I guess you get to do whatever you want," El admitted, looking right at Mike.

Mike wasn't sure what to do. He was afraid to press his luck but the game had been her idea so he thought maybe there was a chance she wanted the same thing he did. But he was a gentleman so he decided to offer her a choice.

"Okay. But hey, if you don't want to do this it's totally fine. So don't be afraid to say no. It won't like, hurt my feelings or anything. I'll give you a choice. You can either do your pole dance thing for me around the post here, though I warn you that it might be a bit splinter-y, or you can, um, take off your panties. Play the game without them." Mike was sure she'd say she didn't want to play anymore and he was trying to think of ways to smooth over his sudden case of being an asshole, when El smirked at him, got on her knees, and started to push her panties down her legs. Mike could only watch as the pale pink fabric came into view, lowering to her knees. Her skirt bunched up as she sat back down to remove the garment from her ankles and Mike could just barely see between her legs. He was craving more already.

"Um, well okay then. I guess it's your turn," Mike's throat felt dry. He

was so close to what he had only dreamed of.

El was very aware of her surroundings. She could glance at something and know what it was, and she had investigated the basement on her tour as Mike showed her around.

"Do you watch porn, Mike? I only ask because I saw those tapes over there, and they look a little...oh, I don't know, like something your mother wouldn't know about."

Mike could tell from the look on her face that she'd assumed he'd refuse to answer. So he surprised her.

"Yeah, I do. It's like, the thing that makes me feel better after a hard day. I like, practice I guess? So that when I get to college if a girl gives me a chance I can hold out for a long time and make sure she gets to cum all she wants. I keep a journal so I can keep track of how I'm doing. I'm up to twenty minutes with all out stroking. I don't even know how long I could go if I was taking my time."

El was imagining Mike watching porn and stroking himself. She realized that she wanted to know for sure what that looked like. But she couldn't just *ask* so she had to think of something.

"I've seen a lot too. I bet...nah, I can't tell you that," El teased.

"What? You can't say something like that and then not follow up. Come on, you can tell me. I'll never tell anyone. I promise."

"Well it's just that...I think I could probably identify what was touching me. You know, like objects or whatever. I'm very sensitive and I think I'd know what things were."

This information made Mike's cock throb. He was hard, had been since she took off her panties, and she was only turning him on more.

"Would you, um, wanna try to prove it? Like, we could find some things down here to use. I'll let you do it to me too. We can blindfold each other, see if we're as smart as we think we are."

The boy sitting in front of her was not the shy and awkward boy from her English class. This Mike was bold and sexy and El found herself

wanting to touch him with objects. More than that, she wanted to feel him touch *her* with whatever he wanted.

"Okay. Let's find some things." El was excited at the prospect. She was barely aware of the still bellowing winds outside. Her mind had shifted to more enticing ideas.

They split up to search the basement for a few things they could use. El was happy with what she found and from the look on Mike's face, he was happy too.

"Before we start, I think I should get to see your dick. You're about to see me, and touch me, so I think it's fair," El stated her case.

"I have no problem with that," Mike said as he let his jeans drop to the floor. El could already see the outline of his cock through his briefs and she absentmindedly licked her lips. "You um, wanna take it out for me?" Mike asked. His voice was low and sexy and not at all like the Mike who sat next to her in class.

El reached forward, letting her hand dip under the waistband of Mike's underwear. His dick was rock hard and very warm. She could tell that it was much larger than her fist. She slowly took it out and looked at it.

"Impressive," she said, trying not to sound too excited. She could see clear pre-cum just beginning to ooze from the tip and she couldn't help running her thumb over it. "So you stroke it and watch porn and can last for a long time?"

"Yeah," Mike breathed, "but right now we're doing this."

"Do you think your mom will come down here?" El asked suddenly, realizing that Mike's family was just upstairs.

"No, no one ever does. If she needs me she'll call from the top of the stairs and she's already done laundry today so we're all alone." Mike was looking down at El's small hand still wrapped around his cock. "Why don't you get comfortable? I found this we can use as a blindfold."

El removed her hand and waited for Mike to apply the blindfold. "So

"I'll just touch you with the things and we can see if you're as sensitive as you say you are." He had found the belt to his bathrobe hanging in the basement bathroom and he used that as their blindfold. He put the strip of black fabric around her eyes, tying it in back. "Now just lay back. If you want me to stop, just say so."

Mike helped her ease herself back onto the cushions on the floor. She spread her legs and he couldn't believe how sexy she looked in her skirt as it rode up, allowing him his first full view of her pussy. It was magazine quality and without hair and everything Mike had ever hoped for in his fantasies.

"Okay, here goes the first thing," Mike said. He thought he'd start out with something easy. He held the quill lightly in his hand and started to barely touch her folds. He could already see that she was glistening there so he knew she was turned on. He teased her and heard her breath hitch. "Can you tell me what it is? Does it feel nice?" He asked.

El hadn't expected it to be so erotic. She'd thought he'd fumble and poke her, but what he was doing was only making her hot and she knew she was starting to wriggle, needing more.

"A feather?" She asked.

"Hmm, maybe you *are* good at this. Yes, or it's actually the quill of a fountain pen but feather is good enough. I have to say, I don't know that I'll be this good at guessing but I definitely want you to do this to me too. Ready for the next thing?"

Mike was on his knees between her legs, his cock bouncing as he moved. He kept thinking about what it would be like to press his erection into her opening. It was only getting wetter and he was enjoying watching her body react to his touches.

"Okay. What's next?" El asked, a little breathily.

"You tell me," Mike said. He grazed her now slick lips with the object. "This one might be harder."

El could feel cool plastic against her. It was in no way unpleasant. As



he slid the object across her she could feel appendages and little ridges. It took her a minute but she finally figured it out as she felt the arms of the thing hugging her labia and could feel the feet almost touching her asshole.

"You really *are* a nerd, Mike," El laughed. But I can't tell you if it's Han Solo or Luke Skywalker. It's an action figure, for sure. Aww, you're hugging my pussy lips with an action figure. How hot is that?"

"What? I can't believe you got that. And are you mocking me?"

El got more serious. "No. Definitely not. Mike, my legs are spread and you're playing with me. I don't think now is the time for mocking."

"Okay then. Here's my last object. Tell me what this is." Mike took the toy away.

El felt his warm hands on her inner thighs, lightly caressing them. He was working his way back up to her pussy and at first she thought he was just going to use his hands but then she felt a light tickling. It was different than the feather had been and Mike stroked over her now swollen clit with it. The sensations that shot through her body were euphoric and he'd barely touched her. She could tell that he'd noticed that she felt something.

"Oh? Was that nice? Did you like it when I touched your clit with this? What is it, El? What did I touch you with? I'll do it again, down this time. Tell me, is it better when I go up or down with it?" Mike demonstrated both. El was writhing.

She thought she had an idea but she needed a few more passes with it to be sure.

"B-both. Can you do it again so I can make sure?" El actually just wanted to feel him touch her with the object again. The way it tickled and how he teased her with it, still using his hand to rub her inner thighs, made her instinctively try to get closer as he swiped the thing across her, wanting him to do it more.

"Like this? Do you like it when I start down here on this side, and I move up your lip and then barely touch your clit? I can see how wet

you are, El. It's the hottest thing I've ever seen. When I do this," Mike held the item, which was actually a makeup brush for applying powder, just over her clit, not touching it, and El would try to move her hips into it, "it's like you want it so bad. You can't even see it but it feels so good that you want more. Fuck that's hot."

"It's a brush. Not a hairbrush, but it has little soft bristles. Is that right? I don't even care if it is. Can you do it a little more?"

"You like it? Like when I touch you here?" Mike asked as he ran the brush over her again. She was dripping onto the cushion, having become so turned on.

"Yes," El answered. Hearing how Mike was so confident, so sure of what he was doing, put her at ease and she felt no need to hide anything or to lie. "I think if you do it a lot you'll make me, um, cum."

"Really? Do you want me to? I have to say that I'd like to. I've only seen it in movies. But El, I want you to know, we can do everything or nothing. It's all up to you and I won't think differently about you no matter what," Mike promised.

"And how do you think of me?" El asked, inhibitions thrown aside as Mike touched her clit with the brush, teasing her, moving from her lips to between them just slightly, touching her ass, back up to her clit. She was writhing on the cushions and he maintained control, not letting her touch the brush unless he wanted her to.

"I think...I think I want to be in your life and there's nothing you could say to make me change my mind. I know we don't know everything about each other, but I've never felt so at ease with *anyone*, let alone a girl. And I feel like you're, I don't know, like I'm supposed to make you happy."

El was too turned on to dwell on what he'd just said, though she knew what he meant. She felt like Mike understood her even though they hadn't delved too far into each other's pasts. There was some unspoken bond that neither of them could put to words but both could feel. It was a *connection*, like something stronger than both of them.

"You're making me pretty happy right now, Mike," El panted. The way he was teasing her, making her feel like she was almost going to cum and then stopping, going back to less sensitive areas, and then doing it all over again was making her crazy.

The vision before him, her skirt bunched around her waist, her bare pussy so wet it was shining, her writhing and trying to feel more of the little brush as he teased her with it, was all too much and before he knew what he was doing, Mike's face was just millimeters from El's drenched pussy.

"What's this, El?" He asked softly just before his tongue ran the length of her slit, from the bottom moving up. El moaned.

"Oh God," El bit her hand to keep from crying out. Contrary to what she'd let Mike think, she had never been touched in such a way and the feelings were overwhelming. He seemed to know exactly what to do and El thought maybe all his time spent watching porn was in fact very good practice for the real thing.

Mike inhaled deeply, loving the scent that he was offered. Her skin felt so smooth as his tongue ran over her. He couldn't resist licking her lips, then using his fingers to spread her open a bit more, lapping at her inner lips until she grabbed his hair, then sliding his tongue into her warm and dripping hole. El didn't seem to be able to speak as Mike carried on, swirling his tongue around the bud of her clit, sucking on her lips, using his nose to stimulate her when his tongue was working inside her.

It occurred to El that she didn't know how much noise she might make if she came, having never done it while another person was touching her. And this was *more* than touching; this was beyond anything she had ever imagined. It scared her how good it felt.

"Okay, my turn to do you. You get the blindfold now." El didn't miss the disappointed look on Mike's face as she sat up and stripped off the blindfold. She moved him into position and tied the belt around his eyes. She marveled at Mike's cock for a second, wanting to just touch it, but she was going to play along with the original rules of the game. She had to hold up her end. She picked up her first object.

"Can you tell me what this is?" She asked as she brushed it along Mike's rigid shaft. She liked how she could see his cock twitch.

"It's soft. That much I know. Feels...fuzzy? Is it a stuffed animal?"

"Wow, you're better at this than you thought. Yes, it's a little cat I found. Does it feel nice?"

"Yeah. It does. You can touch it however you want," Mike said, his tone husky.

"However I want, huh?" El knew what she wanted and she was getting ready to see if Mike did too. When his tongue had touched her she knew she wanted his whole body to touch her, she just wasn't sure how to go about it and she was also a little apprehensive since his parents were home.

"However you want," Mike stated again.

"What's this, Mike?" El tossed the stuffed animal aside and grabbed her own panties. They were silky and she thought it might throw Mike off a bit. She draped them over his dick and then pulled them away, letting the fabric drag across his member. She could see pre-cum darkening the pink fabric as the head of his cock got caught in the panties.

"Oh, fuck, it's fabric. But I don't know what. It feels...fucking awesome though. Like, super soft and slick. Kinda tickly. Do it again? I like how it feels."

El did it again. This time though, she used her hand too. She watched herself hold his dick and start to move it, pumping him up and down.

"Yeah, I said anything you want. Your hand feels good, El."

"You got that but not the panties," El chuckled, still stroking Mike's cock.

"Panties! I don't know how I missed that," Mike laughed.

El got on her knees, leaning forward. "Can you tell me what this is?" She proceeded to use only her bottom lip to lick him from base to tip,

not wanting to use her tongue unless he guessed what it was.

Mike couldn't speak. He knew it was her mouth but he hadn't anticipated that his cock would be close to El Hopper's mouth, no matter how much he might fantasize about it.

"Um, not sure. Maybe a little more? See if I can guess." Mike just wanted to feel her mouth on his dick forever.

El did it again, her lip wet with saliva, wanting to just suck on his dick but refraining. Mike was moaning and it was turning her on and all of a sudden she fell on top of him, their faces close together. El pushed the blindfold up away from his eyes.

Feeling a bit embarrassed but also very horny, El whispered to Mike.

"Mike, could you make me cum?"

She was straddling him and she could feel his cock rubbing against her but neither of them made the move to slip it inside, both needing to be told that was what the other wanted. Even though they had been doing this stuff and touching, El was afraid that maybe she'd been too bold and that Mike would say no.

"You...you want me to? Are you sure?"

"I'm sure. I...I really need it."

"I'm gonna make you cum so hard then. Until you beg me to stop. Cool?" Mike asked, already moving his hands to her hips and getting ready to let her take him in at her own pace.

"Cool," El breathed, feeling the tip of Mike's hard cock almost at her opening.

"Wait! I don't have a condom," Mike said with great disappointment.

El smiled and let herself start to open up to Mike's throbbing cock head. "Mike, my mom was a stripper in Vegas. She got me on the pill when I was 15. And I'm *very* good at taking it."

Mike held his breath as she started to slide down his shaft.

"Fuck, it's big, but you turned me on so much I can't stop taking it in. You said you can last a long time. Do you really think so?" El asked, her head swimming with lust as she felt Mike enter her.

"I can try. Wanna ride me for a little bit and then we can move? What are your fantasy positions? I know I don't, oh fuck you feel nice, look like it but I'm pretty strong. I can hold you up." To demonstrate Mike lifted his hips with El on him and held himself there. El put her feet on the floor and started to rock herself back and forth. The angle was odd but she liked the sounds Mike made as she slid on his dick.

"I don't know. You're the one who watches all the porn. Why don't you su-surprise me?" When Mike lowered himself back down El leaned forward, his cock still hilted in her. She kissed him. "You're fucking me, Mike. Can you believe it? And I don't think I want you to stop."

The kiss was unexpected but sent tingles to Mike's toes. He knew this was more than just a playful fuck session. Despite both of them having been virgins just moments earlier, he knew that they fit together in more ways than just their bodies and this was only the tip of the iceberg as far as their new relationship.

"I don't *want* to ever stop, El. We can do it all. Any time. I want to do it all *together*."

El was riding Mike, feeling him slide in and out of her, when suddenly her eyes bulged.

"Oh! Can it happen this fast? How am I, oh God, Mike, already cumming? I think I am. Don't stop." El was babbling as she felt the sensations. She hadn't known it could happen so quickly.

"I won't stop, El, but you're the one doing the work. Do what feels good." Mike held her hips as she thrust herself back and forth.

"Mike, your dick is *inside* me. You're making me cum. You're gonna feel it..." El felt it then, how her abdomen tightened and her body pulsed, the strongest from her pelvic region, and she felt warm all over. Her head was hazy and she was distantly aware that Mike was bucking his hips into her and saying something.

"Oh shit, you're cumming on me, El. I can feel it. Fuck it feels *so good*. My dick has never been happier. You're so pretty when you're cumming too. I want to make you do it again." Even as he was speaking Mike was pulling her down to his chest. He could still feel her spasming around his cock but he wanted to hold her while she came down from how hard he'd made her climax. He rubbed her back and whispered in her ear how good she was.

"You feel so amazing on me. I really like being inside you. And feeling you cum on my cock...El, that might be the best feeling ever. Even better than *me* cumming." He kissed her again and could feel her panting into his mouth, so breathless from her orgasm.

"I want to feel you too though," El said when she could speak again.

"Do you really? Not too tired?" Mike asked with concern.

"I'm not too tired. Let's keep going." El smiled and Mike swooned.

"How do you want it?" Mike asked, still in disbelief that his Friday had taken this direction.

"However you want to do it," El replied.

"Stand up for a second," Mike said, helping her to her feet. By now they had ripped off their shirts and were completely naked in Mike's basement. "Do you have any idea how beautiful you are?" Mike squeezed her breasts for the first time, eliciting a sigh from El. He was indeed taller so as he bent to kiss her again she had to stand on her tip-toes.

"You just think that because I let you put your dick inside me," El joked. But Mike as more serious.

"No. I've been fantasizing about just *talking* to you since you moved here. I had a whole world for us made up in my head. But the real thing is better than any fantasy I could ever imagine. You're like...it's like you're beautiful on the *inside* so that just bubbles to the surface. And now I know for sure, because I've been inside you. And El," Mike kissed her again, moving to her neck and sucking lightly, "I want to be back inside you." Mike pushed her gently toward the stairs,

turning her and hugging her from behind.

El was a little worried because they were so close to the door to the basement. If one of Mike's parents happened to open the door there was no way they wouldn't be caught. But that also added to the excitement. As she felt Mike's arms wrap around her from behind she felt her knees buckle a little and knew that she'd do anything he asked, no matter the consequences.

Mike placed her on her knees on the third step of the basement stairs, spreading her legs.

"I'm gonna enter you from behind. Supposed to go deeper that way. If you don't like it, tell me. But fuck you look so hot like this. Your ass is perfect, El. I'm gonna slip back in, okay? Want me to? Want to feel it again?" Mike asked her as his warm breath fanned over her shoulders and the back of her neck.

"Please do it," El panted, already more turned on than before.

"What do you want me to do, El?"

El looked back over her shoulder at Mike, her eyes full of desire.

"I want you to fuck me, Mike. Right here. Right now."

Mike felt his dick slide back inside her. He could feel the backs of her thighs on his, her skin was so smooth and warm. Since he was standing and she was squatted on the stairs, he had more leverage and could control the depth and power of his thrusts. He knew they couldn't be too loud though. Leaning forward, he whispered one more thing before giving in and really pounding her.

"I know you can't be loud so if you want more, push your ass back. If you want less, ease yourself forward. I'll get it. I'm gonna fuck you now. Can I?"

"God, please do it."

Mike started slowly, wanting to test how far he could bury himself inside her. It was deeper than when she'd straddled him and the image of watching his cock ram into her bare and wet pussy only



made everything hotter. As he built up his speed he noticed that she was only pushing back, wanting more. Mike was happy to oblige. He wanted to talk to her though and the only way to do that was to lean down.

"You like it? Fuck you feel so good. I wanted to talk to you about how hot you are while my dick is fucking you. Your pussy is so tight, I don't think I ever want to pull out, El. Can you show me how much you like it? If I just stand here can you show me how bad you want it?" Mike nuzzled his face into the fuzziness of her hair before standing back up to watch her try to fuck him.

El had one hand behind her, gripping Mike's head as she tried to turn her face enough to kiss him. Upon hearing his request she held on to the carpet of the stairs with both hands and proceeded to push her ass back, fucking Mike's dick with her pussy while he stood still. She wanted to show him how much she liked it, how helpless she was to go against anything her body seemed to want from him. She did it faster, and then slower, all the while trying to look back at him to show him how happy it was making her.

"Yeah, just like that," Mike whispered. He could hear the sloppy sounds his cock was making as she took it inside her over and again. He could feel every tight inch of her. He reached around her and found her clit, stroking it playfully while he resumed fucking her himself. He had to lean forward again but that was no problem. "I'm gonna make you cum again. You liked it so much before. And it felt so *good* on my dick. I want to feel it again. I'll just touch you here. Do you like it when I do?"

"Uh huh," was all El could say. Hearing him talk to her that way while he was fucking her so well and also touching her like she was part of him was already making her weak in the knees.

"What do you like, El?" Mike asked, not stopping his insanely effectively tickling. El was getting closer.

"I l-like it when you rub my cl-clit," El whispered, still afraid of alerting Mike's parents.

"And why do you like that," Mike asked, still inquisitive.

"You know how to m-make me c-cum. No one ev-ever has. Just y-you. And you're gonna...oh fuck, Mike...you're gonna do it again right now." El bit her lip as she felt her second orgasm overtake her. Mike's hand never stopped its delicious movements on her clit and his cock didn't stop its rhythm.

"Fuuuck, this is better than the first one," Mike said as he felt it. El's legs were trembling so much he could literally see them shaking on the staircase. El's body continued to hitch and convulse.

As she was still climaxing El was startled when Mike picked her up and carried her to the sofa. He sat down and held her like a baby, cradling her trembling body until she was breathing normally again. El could have been happy to just stay like that, she was so tired, but she still wanted to make Mike cum. She was impressed at how right he'd been about his stamina. She let her head loll against his shoulder and she felt him kiss her forehead.

"You're pretty amazing, Mike. I'm kinda glad no one but me gets to know that. I want you all to myself," El admitted. She felt attached, not wanting to ever part from him. "But now it's your turn. You don't have to hold back anymore. I want to feel *you* cum. Will you do that for me?" El repositioned herself, straddling him once again. Mike was sitting up and El wanted to be able to see him as she fucked him, wanting to see every little nuance his face made as their sexes joined together.

"Make me cum then. It shouldn't be hard. You're so hot and it feels so good to be inside you. I'll tell you a secret," Mike offered as their lips met again. "I almost came when I had you on the stairs. When you looked back over your shoulder at me...damn I'll think about how you looked then forever. But I know you must be tired. I can speed it up. That's another talent of mine." Their tongues crashed together and as they kissed Mike got another idea.

"I want you to cum one more time though." He reached over to the side table where he'd left the little powder brush. "I'm gonna use this on you while you take my cock. I know you liked it." Mike pushed her back just enough to get the little brush between them. "Look down and watch me do it. See how your clit will contract a little? Or like jump? That's so hot. Does it feel good? You didn't have a dick in

you the last time I did it. Tell me how it feels."

El looked down and watched. The way he'd graze over her clit with the brush in an upward motion made her fuck him harder and Mike noticed it too, so he did it more. El was holding tightly to his shoulders and watching him tease her, actually seeing her clit swell more as though it was trying to make more surface area for him to touch.

"Fuck, don't stop doing that. Oh, Mike, please make me cum again. I want to cum while you cum inside me. I want to feel you shoot it deep into me while your play with my clit. That brush might be the best thing ev-ever. Don't...don't stop. Please?" El was begging, even though Mike had no intentions of stopping. She was just so overwhelmed with pleasure that the mere thought of it ending was too much to imagine.

"You want my cum? You want to feel it inside you? El, of course you can have it. You fucked me better than my imagination could concoct. I just wanted to make you cum a lot first. Are you close? What do I need to do to make you cum one more time? I'll fill you up when you do. We'll cum together."

"Just use the brush a little...oh fuck...more. Oh shit, just like that. How is this so good? I didn't know...oh...Mike! Mike, right now. Don't stop. Please cum. Please cum in me right now because you're making me cum again on your hard cccccckkkkk," her voice petered out as she bit into his shoulder to stifle her scream.

Mike let go then. He dumped his load, which shot stream after stream of hot frothy semen deep inside her, feeling her squeeze his shaft as the rhythmic pulsations pulled him into her even more. They came together, at some point their faces finding one another, their lips and tongues joining as they rode out their orgasms together.

"Oh my God, that was the best I've *ever* cum," Mike said as they held one another.

"Me too." El was quiet for a minute. "I don't think you have to wait until you get to college, Mike. You can do that with me any time. I hope you'll want to."

"Really?" Mike asked.

"Really. You're easily the best thing about Hawkins. And we uh, still have to finish our project. Maybe next week we can uh, play some more games."

"I'm definitely up for that. El, I feel like it's supposed to be me and you against the world. I know that's probably stupid. But I do."

"I feel that way too. We just had crazy good sex and we were *virgins*, Mike. That doesn't happen. So that has to mean something."

Mike contemplated that as he rubbed her back once again. He found it to be soothing. Everything about El soothed him.

They both found some pajamas in the clean laundry basket and Mike was about to show El to Nancy's room. While he wanted to sleep with her, he knew that since his mother had offered Nancy's room she would be checking at some point and Mike didn't know when. So it was better to be safe. They were climbing the stairs to go up to the bedrooms.

"And I think our project will turn out great too," El whispered as they reached the landing.

"Yeah! We still have to film the movie," Mike remembered.

El smiled and, seeing how no one was around, leaned in to kiss Mike one more time. It was slow and long and sensual and made Mike feel fuzzy when it ended.

"Yeah, the movie. And maybe some time we can make a different kind of movie too." El winked at him, kissed his cheek, and headed into Nancy's room.

"Night, Mike," she whispered before closing the door.

Mike was dumbfounded. All he could think was how it would be to watch a movie of him fucking this perfect girl.

"Um, night, El." He stumbled into his room, drunk on what could only be called love.

**Author's Note: I plan to continue this story. There are more things they can do in the basement. And there was talk of a movie? And M, you know I wrote this for you.**

## 2. Chapter 2

**I wish I could write my own life like I can write theirs. Oh well. I'm pretty used to disappointment. I grew up in the grunge era and I don't think that mentality ever changed for me. I'm sure I'm a joy to be around.**

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El awoke to the sound of a car backing out of the driveway. As she peered through Nancy's window out onto Maple Street she saw the Wheeler family car driving away. What she noticed more than that though was how dark it was for 7:30 in the morning. Storm clouds loomed heavy and gray and El was suddenly afraid.

Fearing that maybe not everyone had left, El quietly made her way to Mike's room. It was even darker than it should be for the time of day but she could just make out his form under the blankets. As she heard him breathing softly, clearly sleeping, El felt somewhat better.

At first she stood silently, having an inward argument with herself. El *wanted* to climb into bed with him and snuggle close. She had the feeling he'd be very warm and that she'd feel like all of her worries were gone but her mind kept playing games with her, telling her the opposite.

*It was just for fun. He just wanted to show off.*

No, El knew that wasn't right. There had been a connection they could both feel.

*He's had you now. Why would he want you again? No one wants you.*

The voices continued and El felt like she might start crying but then a loud crash of thunder rang out and El found that her feet had instinctively carried her to Mike's bed and she was climbing into it before she knew what was happening. Mike was still asleep so she carefully cuddled into him, her arm wrapping around his waist as she tucked her head under his chin.

Mike was dreaming. He was in a forest and it was raining...*hard*.

Everything was dark except for where his eyes roamed. He only jerked awake when he felt something tickling his face. The images and feelings from his dream still remained.

"Hi," El whispered to a very sleepy Mike.

"Huh? El? But I was just..." he trailed off, not knowing how to explain that he had just been dreaming about her, or *something*.

"What's the matter?" She stroked his cheek and Mike felt himself relax. Sleep was still hanging all around him and he felt swimmy and feeling El against him made him want to remain in that little bubble.

"N-nothing. I was dreaming. It was like...well it was you. Only we were in the woods and much younger, like maybe twelve. It was raining so hard and you looked so scared. I woke up feeling like..." Again Mike stopped himself, unsure if he should give too many details.

"Like what?" Her voice was so soothing that Mike knew he could tell her.

"Like my heart was swelling and breaking at the same time."

El wasn't sure exactly what that meant but she couldn't hold back anymore. She eased her leg over Mike's torso and then her body followed until she was on top of him. She didn't say anything as she started to kiss him. His messy hair on the pillow and his sleepy eyes drooping and his soft voice were too much for her and she had to *do* something.

If El had thought that feeling Mike against her made her fear of the storm subside, then kissing him made it disappear altogether. She could tell he was still in the stage where he wasn't fully awake and it was both endearing and hot. He was kissing her back, his hands slipping underneath the t-shirt of his that she had slept in. She had been right; Mike was so warm and she felt like there was no place else she'd rather be. Soon his arms were around her and El sighed into his mouth. She knew what she wanted.

She broke from his mouth and kissed his neck, then proceeded down

his shirtless torso. He was wearing flannel pajama pants but El knew those would be no problem.

"I wanted to do this last night but we did, um, *other* things," El said as she slid her thumbs under the waistband of his pants. "I just wanna see if I'm any good at it."

Mike looked down and even though it was darker in his room than it normally was due to the storm, he could see El's fuzzy head dipping down as she freed his member from his flannel pants. He was hard; a combination of the morning and her snuggling up next to him unannounced. Mike watched as El took the tip of his dick into her mouth. She was almost inspecting it with her tongue, as though she was trying to memorize a foreign landscape.

"See if you're any good at *what*, El?" Mike asked. Her big eyes met his while his cock was still just barely sticking into her mouth. Mike felt her lick the tip slowly with her tongue before answering.

"I've never *really* given a blowjob before. Last night was the first time I'd been so close to a guy's...to a cock. And then I got too turned on to really continue it. I want to do it now. Will you tell me if I'm not very good and what to do to be better?"

"Well if you want to know something, I've never gotten one before. But I can tell you if I think you should do something different. If you want? I'll at least tell you what feels good. What you're doing now... do that some more."

"What? This?" El sucked on just the tip, not taking any of the shaft into her mouth. She circled her tongue around it, letting it gently dip into the tiny slit at the top, and then went back to circling. She could feel that she was already wet but she was focused on doing this for Mike, even though she knew she probably couldn't do it long enough to make him cum, if the previous night was any indication.

"Fuck, yeah that. You can't go wrong with licking. You just wanna keep your teeth out of the mix...at least I'm pretty sure." Mike couldn't resist reaching down to rub her head as she sucked on his cock. With every pass she started taking more and more into her mouth. The increments were tiny but to Mike it was delicious



anticipation as he watched more and more of his dick disappear behind her perfect lips. He had become rock hard. El's mouth was warm and wet and she was sucking with the best combination of lips and tongue, using exactly the right amount of suction.

"Christ, you're sure you haven't done this before? El, you're like, *really* good at this."

El smiled at the compliment. She wanted to please him and it made her feel good that so far she was doing it correctly. She got bolder, taking more into her mouth. She could feel the tip hit the back of her throat and she gagged, pulling back and coughing.

"Sorry, I took too much," El apologized. Mike just caressed her head.

"Don't apologize. You're doing great. And it may have been too much but you gagging on my hard dick was really hot." Mike was resisting the urge to push up into her, not wanting to frighten her on her first time. She was making him feel really good though and he didn't know how long he could reasonably hold out before needing to grab her and pull her body onto his. Her mouth felt amazing but Mike knew it would take more than that, and he was glad, because he couldn't seem to get enough of El Hopper.

"Am I? What does it feel like if I do this?" She pulled all the skin down to the base, making Mike's shaft smooth and tight, and then proceeded to lick him and suck all along his shaft as though she was removing drips from a popsicle. Mike moaned at the new sensation.

"Fuck, that's so good," Mike groaned as he felt her fingers start to massage his balls. "Oh, damn, that's even better. How are you some cocksucking wizard? Oohhh..."

El liked that she was making Mike speechless. Mike never seemed to be speechless so she thought she was on the right track. She was on fire though, so turned on, and was glad that she was only wearing a t-shirt. She wanted to do all she could for Mike but even as she was lapping away at his cock she was finding herself with his thigh between her legs and she was grinding on it, so desperate for some sort of relief.

Mike noticed. Feeling her grind her bare and needy pussy on his leg sent shockwaves through him.

"Are you turned on right now, El? Is sucking my dick making you wet? You know I can help you with that. You know I *want* to," Mike was saying, still rubbing her head and looking down to watch, having thrown off the blanket so he could see everything. Just then the phone rang, cutting shrilly through the darkened room and startling them both.

"Don't stop?" Mike asked as he reached over to answer the phone. After Nancy moved out the phone went into his bedroom though he didn't use it much. No one ever called him and he certainly wasn't using it to try to date any of the girls in Hawkins.

El nodded, going back to her work. She took him all the way in once more as he brought the receiver to his ear.

"Hello?"

"Mike, sweetie, we're almost to Holly's dance competition but the storm has knocked down trees and they're blocking the road on both sides so we're going to be here for the rest of the day. But honey, it's moving toward Hawkins and there could be tornadoes. I'm so worried about you there all alone," Karen Wheeler said to her son.

"I'm okay, Mom. And El's still here so I'm not totally alone," Mike replied.

"I'm sure Chief Hopper will have his hands full today. There's debris everywhere and it's only supposed to get worse. Your dad has a colleague who lives here so we're at his house and he has a storm shelter if things get bad again. But you make sure El feels safe," she was saying.

Mike smiled and moved the receiver to his shoulder, tilting his head to hold it in place with his ear. He used both hands to pull El up, quickly slipping a finger over her mouth to indicate her to be quiet.

"Shhhhhh," Mike mimed, not wanting his mother to know he wasn't in bed alone. He positioned El over his cock and could feel the heat

radiating from her.

El couldn't wait any longer and started to rub herself over him, making Mike's dick all slippery.

"Don't worry, Mom. I'll make sure she feels safe," Mike said with confidence as he used his hands to tilt her forward until he could feel the tip of his cock just barely slide into her warm opening. "I'll take care of her and make sure she has everything she," Mike pushed her down onto his raging erection, "needs."

El was biting her lip to keep from making noise. Hearing him have a casual conversation with his mother while he started to fuck her was the sexiest thing. How he told his mother exactly what she wanted to hear while giving El exactly what she needed made El feel naughty in the best way. Mike, this quiet boy from school who had awful rumors spread about him, never seemed to stop surprising her and he gave the best surprises.

"You two take care and if the storm gets worse go down into the basement. There are blankets and flashlights in the closet and probably a few candles if you need them. Just wait it out and Mike, don't go outside. Please." Karen explained.

"We won't, Mom." El was getting into it, riding him slowly so as not to cause the bedsprings to squeak, "We'll stay inside. I'm sure we can find things to do." Mike smiled up at El, loving how she looked when she was above him. She would go from watching his face as he spoke to his mother to looking at her pussy as she took him inside her. Mike wondered what she was thinking.

"Good boy. You're always so dependable. Okay, well I love you and we'll be home when they can clear the-" Suddenly the power blew. The phone line went dead and the house seemed eerie with the sudden quietness. The gentle, usually unnoticeable, hum of all of the electrical appliances stopped and all Mike and El could hear was the storm.

"Well we don't need power," Mike said as he hung up the phone and started to really fuck El. He sat up with her still straddling him. He pulled her close and kissed her, hungry, needy kisses that he'd had to

hold back for almost twenty minutes.

"I can't believe you did that while you were talking to your mom," El said, breathless. She was still rocking on him but mostly just keeping him as far inside as she could and grinding herself down on his dick. She felt no rush and liked sitting in the middle of Mike's bed with him, liked how he was kissing her, liked how his cock fit inside her. From her position she could play with his hair and she was running her fingers through it as they kissed. With no threat of his parents, El could give all her attention to how his lips felt, how his tongue didn't seem slimy, instead feeling like it *belonged* in her mouth. She could notice how he smelled and how gentle he was when he touched her.

"I thought it was pretty hot. And I needed you. You were making me crazy with your insane cocksucking. You're really good at it," Mike said between kisses. "And my mom wants me to make sure you have anything you need. Is there something you need?" He kidded, his hands moving to her ass and squeezing.

"I think you're taking care of that right now," El answered. She discovered that his hands on her ass made her feel extra tingly and she thought maybe later she'd talk to him about that. But for now, they were doing this other thing.

"Am I?" What were you thinking while I was talking to my mom? When you were watching yourself fuck me."

"I was thinking how good it looked, seeing your dick slide into me. I liked how I could see my clit bumping on the top of your shaft. And I was thinking that it was supposed to be harder than this."

Mike was taken aback. He thought he was pretty hard so he didn't know what to think. El giggled upon realizing her choice of words had confused him.

"No, silly. I meant like...I didn't know it would be so easy to feel so, I don't know. Whatever it is I'm feeling. I like it, I know that much." El stopped moving and just sat with Mike's cock buried inside her. She laid her head on his shoulder and spoke quietly as he rubbed her back. "Like that, you're rubbing my back right now and I didn't ask you to but I really *want* you to. It's like you know what I need. Maybe

before I do. And I haven't known you long but I feel like I could tell you anything," El hugged him tightly, feeling him slip deeper inside with the added pressure.

"You *can* tell me anything, El. I get it. I do. I can't explain it either. I mean, yeah, I think you're really pretty. Fuck that, I think you're *amazingly beautiful*, but it's more than that. Okay, yeah I'm rubbing your back and you wanted that and hadn't asked, that's one thing. But El, I was *dreaming about you* and it felt so real, like something I'd lived in a past life, and then when I opened my eyes you were in bed with me. So that means something to me. Maybe we really are connected."

El was starting to having emotions bubbling up that she wasn't ready to deal with so she steered the conversation in another direction. The feelings, the emotional ones, were becoming too much for a girl who had been alone a lot or felt thrown away or unwanted. She had to buffer them.

"We're connected right now, Mike. Look at our connection. See how shiny it is? Look how wide my pussy lips have to stretch open to take you inside. Look how wet we are because you've turned me on so much. And you feel really good. Let's do this. Can we?"

"Fuck yes we can," Mike rolled her backwards, wanting to be able to really thrust into her. El seemed happy to go wherever he wanted. Mike had just gotten on his knees and was bouncing his cock on her pussy, slapping it against her lips and teasing her. El was laughing but then the tornado sirens started and Mike could tell they were the ones on his side of town.

"What's that?" El asked, all of a sudden afraid again.

"Shit, the tornado sirens. Come on, let's go to the basement. It's safer." Mike could see the worried look on her face so as they stood up from his bed, El looking almost frantic, he pulled her close. "It's gonna be okay. Nothing is going to happen to us. I promise. Do you trust me?"

"Somehow...I know that I *do*."

They made their way down to the basement. Mike carried some

sweatpants and a couple of shirts for them to wear later. Once downstairs, everything seemed far more eerie. It was too dark for that time of morning and the winds were screaming.

Mike tossed the clothes on the table, the roof to a blanket fort he'd made when he was a kid and had just never taken down. He knew how ridiculous he must look moving naked through the basement but he wanted to make El feel comfortable and thought making some sort of pallet for them to sit on while the storm carried on would make her feel safer. He took the cushions off the sofa and laid them in the floor underneath the stairs, covering them with blankets from the closet. He kept a couple of blankets for them to use as cover and found every pillow he could to make it soft. It actually reminded him of the floor of the blanket fort when he was done.

"We could just get in there," El said as she too noticed the similarities.

"*You* could. I'm too fucking tall."

El knew he had a point. He was easily going to be a foot taller than her in another year, maybe even taller. Seeing him make such a fuss over making her feel safe warmed her heart even more and she had to shut down the feelings. She needed to let her body do the thinking because her mind was making her think things that were terrifyingly desirable.

But the storm was still more frightening than she'd imagined. Thunderstorms were one thing but El had never been in a tornado, nor had she even been under a tornado *warning*. Mike could see her fear.

"Come here," he said, sitting down on the blankets and beckoning her to him. His back was against the shelves and he could see the basement through the stairs. His mother had them carpeted a year earlier when she almost slipped and the fuzzy shag helped to muffle the din of the storm, but didn't make it go away.

El sat down with her back against Mike's chest, sitting between his opened legs. Mike wrapped his arms around her and nuzzled her hair. She wanted to continue what they'd started upstairs but had become anxious with the threat of an approaching tornado. Mike

could sense it. He started to rub her head, gently letting his fingers massage and stroke the softness of her hair, or what was left of it. El could feel herself already starting to relax. After a few minutes she felt him kiss her shoulder, still scratching her head. The scratching was sending shivers down her spine.

"That feels nice," she breathed, starting to forget why they were in the basement.

"Yeah? Should I scratch anywhere else?" Mike asked even as his hands left her head and found her breasts. He barely touched her nipples, which made her want it even more. He could feel her pushing back against his dick so much that it was resting in the crack of her ass.

"I think maybe you could scratch a little lower? Maybe?"

"Like here?" Mike asked. His hands went to her thighs and he caressed them, running his fingers over the smooth skin of the insides of her legs. El spread her legs wider.

"Mmm, yeah, but maybe a little higher too?" El thought their guessing game, as though neither of them knew what they wanted, was hotter than just saying it.

"Oh? Like here?" Mike kept one hand on her inner thigh, so close to her aching pussy, and put the other one on her lower abdomen so that his fingers were just *almost* touching her where she wanted them to.

"Closer." El shifted where she sat, almost insane with arousal.

"What about here, El?" Mike finally touched her. He could feel the downy softness of her lips as his fingers passed over them. He held back for a minute, just feeling her, feeling how wet she was and hearing how her breath jumped and hitched with each touch of his fingers.

"Uh huh, right there." El's head fell back against him.

Mike started to finger her, to rub her clit with his hand. From his angle it was almost as if he was doing it to himself and he could

reach everywhere he wanted. He kept the heel of his hand on her clit, feeling the little bud against his palm, and slipped a finger inside her.

"Is it okay if I make you cum?" Mike asked.

"As many times as you want," El answered without thinking.

Mike started to work his hand inside her. He wasn't just ramming his fingers in and out, he had a method.

"You know," Mike whispered into her ear as he touched her, "the G spot isn't really a spot at all. You can't like, point to it on a diagram. It's an area. I'm gonna show you."

El didn't know what to say. She couldn't really say anything because he was doing so much more than just fingering her. His fingers were inside her, true, but it wasn't some piston motion of his wrist. As he slid them in he pushed from the bottom and then the tips of his fingers, his first two, arched up and El felt a sensation of erotic pressure. She could tell that if he kept doing it she was going to cum...maybe more. She didn't know what *more* could consist of but from what she was feeling when he did that, she knew it was going to be amazing.

"Oh God," El breathed.

"Is it good?" Mike asked.

"So good," El answered.

Mike kept it up, not forgetting to stimulate her engorged clit.

"My dick is in your ass crack. Is that okay?" Mike asked as his fingers pressed and curled, making her cry out.

"I l-like it there. I wanted to see...no we can talk about that later. This feels too good right now," El panted.

Mike thought he might know what she was talking about but that was something he was definitely going to let her take the lead on.

"Last night," Mike whispered, licking her earlobe, "you said something



about maybe making a different kind of movie. What were you talking about, El? Tell me while I make you cum. I can feel you tensing up."

El could feel it too. Whatever he was doing with his hand, or feeling his dick rubbing on her ass, or the combination of everything, was going to push her over the edge quickly.

"I...if you wanted. I'd let you film us. Doing this. Doing anything. I'd kinda like to see it...to watch you put your hard dick in me and fuck me until I'm cumming all over you. Oh, Mike, don't stop. Oh! Your fingers..." El covered his hand with her own, pushing him into her with all her force.

"You wanna watch me fuck you? El, that's so hot. Just think about it. Think about it and cum on my hand. Do it now, El."

El was helpless. When he gave her orders something in her could only obey and she felt so sexy doing as he asked.

"I could watch you...fuck me in every position and make me c-cum. Oh fuck, Mike. I'm cumming. Now! Hnnnnnn..."

El felt it harder than ever. Whatever Mike was massaging inside her made her quiver and shake. She could see her own legs trembling violently as his hand remained inside her. She looked down and could see liquid coming out and was afraid she'd peed all over the blanket.

"Oh my God, what is that?" El asked, totally embarrassed.

"Don't worry, it happens sometimes when you get the right amount of stimulation. Not every girl does it but I'm pretty sure every guy thinks it's the hottest thing ever. Don't be embarrassed. Fuck, you are so hot and that was like...I'll be thinking about that when I'm all alone until I'm 80."

Mike's words made her feel a little better. After all, he was the one who had seen all the porn so El assumed he knew what he was talking about. It took a couple of minutes for her to regain herself. Mike was so patient, easing his hand out of her and lightly petting

her pussy, his fingers being gentle as he stroked her until she was breathing normally.

"That was...how did you do that?" El asked.

"I just...knew what you needed me to do," Mike said. He had seen stuff in porn and in books but he really felt like he just went with the flow and listened to her body. There was something about how they reacted to one another that was clearly beneficial to them both.

"I *did* need it. And now I want to give you what *you* need," El said, turning in his arms. She was so overwhelmed by the intensity of her orgasm and still so turned on that she threw caution to the wind and decided to ask for something she'd been wondering about. El kissed him long and slow and then, getting up quickly, she left Mike slack-jawed as she walked away. "I'll be right back."

Mike didn't know what she was doing but he couldn't help watching her walk to the other side of the room. His eyes never left her perfect ass as it swayed back and forth with her strides.

El came back a moment later, a shy smile on her face.

"Um, I was wondering, I got the powder brush again, but um, I was wondering what it would feel like if you tickled my ass with it. I'd like it to be while you fucked me but I don't know how we could do that." El said, slightly embarrassed at what she'd asked for.

Mike gulped. This was turning out to be a fantasy.

"You, really? I mean, fuck, El. How much hotter do you get? If you want me to do it while I fuck you I know how we can. But first, want me to just tickle you with it? Let you see how it feels?"

El nodded.

"Okay. Umm, oh, here. Let me just put this pillow like this." Mike positioned a rather large pillow in the middle of the blanket they were on top of. "Now lay over it, like with it under your pussy so that your ass is kinda raised up. Yeah, like that. On the edge so you're hanging off a little. That's perfect." Mike just looked at her. The pillow caused her ass to be slightly in the air while it also helped her

spread her legs. He thought it would be no problem to fuck her from that position and still use the brush on her little asshole. But the sight was so compelling. He had to just touch her first.

"You don't know how good you look right now. El, you're like, *perfect*." Mike bent forward and kissed each cheek.

El felt it and it turned her on even more.

"I don't think so. But if you're happy then that's good enough for me." El said, not able to take all of Mike's compliments.

"I'm about to make you happy, El." Mike grazed over her with the little brush, starting at her lower back and moving to where she'd asked to feel it. He could hear her sigh as he reached her tight asshole, tickling her with the soft bristles. Mike could see her cunt and how it was dripping onto the pillow underneath her.

"You said you liked my dick in the crack of your ass earlier, while I was making you cum with my hand. What did you like about it? What did it make you think of?" Mike asked, feeling like he already knew her answer.

"It felt...well I know it's something we're not supposed to do. Like, the naughtiest or whatever...oh God, Mike, don't stop with that brush please...but that makes it hotter. And it felt nice. I could feel...well damn I might as well say it. I could feel it touch my asshole every now and then and it made me gush more. It made me wetter when your cock touched me there. So I was thinking that other things might feel good there. And then I remembered that this little powder brush was still down here and I know how much I like that on my pussy. I just...wanted to see what it felt like."

"And what does it feel like, El?"

"Feels like...like...like I might want to feel you touch me there for real."

Mike didn't say anything. He moved the brush to his other hand and reached between El's legs, getting his fingers slippery with her juices. They were coated in no time and Mike proceeded to touch her on her

sensitive asshole. He just brushed over it, using his index finger, playing with it and feeling the contours of the skin there. El sighed audibly.

"Like this? I can just lightly touch you, El. I can touch you however you want me to. I want you to know I've seen a lot of porn and your asshole is beautiful. I know that sounds weird but it's true. It's so sexy when I do this," Mike touched her hole, feeling her open slightly, feeling the tiniest tip of his finger slip just inside, "I can see how your body likes it. And I can see your pussy dripping. El, I think I'm gonna have to put my dick back inside you soon. Doing this to you is making it hurt, I want you so badly."

"Okay then. That's what I want too." El leaned forward, making her pussy more accessible to him. "But first, ugh, I can't believe I'm asking you this. Can you show me what it feels like when you put your finger inside? Like in my ass? I'm too curious."

Mike could hear the howling winds outside and how the rain was tormenting the roof and windows, could hear the sirens still blaring, but all he could think of was what she'd just asked.

"Okay, I'll be gentle and slow. I'll do it now." Mike placed his finger at her opening and pressed lightly. El opened for him, her asshole was wet with natural lubrication from her pussy and Mike expected that even if she took his finger in she'd say she wanted him to take it out, that she didn't like it, that it hurt.

El didn't say that.

"Oh my God. Is it supposed to feel nice? I don't think it is...but it does. Maybe you just have me so turned on you could do anything to me right now. I think I want you to. I *need* you to. You can leave your finger in but I need to feel your cock in my pussy. I need it *now*, Mike. Please?"

Mike hadn't forgotten the reason they were in this position in the first place. She had wanted him to fuck her while he tickled her asshole with that little brush. But now he was thinking maybe more would happen than he'd ever let himself imagine. But still, he wanted to give her what she wanted.

Mike pulled his finger out of her and gripped her hips, lining his cock up with her pussy.

"You're going to get everything you want. I promise." Mike slid in hard, both of them moaning and sighing together. He fell forward, the pillow underneath her making the angle almost too perfect and Mike fucked her like that, sensually thrusting inside, not even pulling out much, wanting their bodies to be as close as possible. He could kiss her neck and her head from where he was and he did so as his cock slid into her with short jabs.

"Oh God, I can feel the pillow rubbing on me. Mike, it's gonna make me cum again," El warned, though after she said it she wasn't sure why she was worried.

"That's okay. There's something I want to do anyway." Mike pushed himself back up, getting the brush and ticking her asshole while he was still fucking her. Just like she'd asked.

"Oh! Oh fuck! Mike, it's too good. Make me cum like this and I'll let you put it in my ass. That's what I want but I was afraid to say. But... oh...Miiiiikkkee!" El came again, not even meaning to or trying to. She couldn't stop it if she'd wanted to. Mike's cock filling her up while he was tickling her with the brush, and hearing herself say that she'd let him put it in her ass was more than her 17-year-old mind could handle and she came all over Mike's cock.

"Yeah, I like it when you cum. You feel so good and you look so hot when you do. I love how your back arches and I can feel you gripping my dick with your pussy, like you're sucking me off with it. And I like it when you say my name. I wanna put my dick in your ass, El. It felt so nice to have my finger in there, but the nicest part is you *wanting* me to do it. Asking me to fuck you in the ass? You're hotter than the sun."

El liked hearing Mike talk to her too. The way he was so confident, how he knew what he wanted, or more importantly, what *she* wanted, was enough to make her think things she'd never before let herself think.

"I'm ready. Mike, you've made me cum twice already and I don't feel

like it's enough. I still want to feel you more. So will you do it? Will you put it where you're not supposed to?"

Hearing her put it that way sent Mike into a lustful frenzy. But he knew he had to take his time and be gentle.

"Okay, I'm gonna go slow. I'll tell you what's happening. If you want me to stop all you have to do is tell me to and I'll stop." Mike touched her hole with the head of his dick. He was still covered in her cum and other natural juices and he could see the glistening tip rubbing against her. "Oh, fuck, El. I'm not even pressing into you yet and you're already trying to open for me. I'm gonna push in now. You're about to have my dick in your ass." Mike felt it as he watched. He thought it would be difficult but apparently she *was* so turned on that she could take it. His head slipped in and he felt how tight it was. He had to hold his breath as the sensation was so awesome that he almost lost his load right then.

"How is it?" Mike forced himself to ask.

"I feel full, but I think I could be fuller. Keep going," El said, trying to look back over her shoulder. She noticed when she turned her head that the pillow underneath her had somehow shifted as they'd been fucking and now the corner of it was resting against her clit. She could easily rub herself on it.

Mike obliged. He felt himself sink further into her, gauging her breathing and checking for any signs of distress. There were none, in fact, El seemed to be pushing back as he continued to enter her tightest hole.

"I'm all the way inside you, El. My cock is in your ass. And you feel wonderful. You're so tight. I know I might be able to go for a while but I really don't know in this situation. I didn't think I'd ever be in something so deliciously *tight*. Want me to just hold it here for a minute?"

El looked back at him, feeling the cushion on her swollen clit.

"No, I want you to fuck it. Fuck my ass, Mike. Cum in it. That's what I want."

Mike was surprised at how forward she was. It was true that they had talked a little dirty the night before but he had probably been the leader of that. The girl before him now knew exactly what she wanted and she even seemed to know how much it turned him on to hear her talk that way. Mike didn't know if she was doing it for his benefit or because she was so caught up in her own desires, but either way, he was going to do it.

As he started to rhythmically fuck into her, El mentioned one more thing.

"And will you tell me what you see as you do it? I want to know."

*Oh fuck, how did I get so lucky?*

"My cock is making you open up. Your asshole is wrapped around it like a rubber band. I can feel how smooth your insides are. It's not exactly the same as your pussy, I can't totally describe it, but it's like...the skin in there is so soft and smooth while the ring of your asshole is so tight around me. The difference between the two is so fucking erotic. Can you feel how far I am? Can you feel my cock all the way in?" Mike was increasing his speed. She felt so good around his dick and it felt so intimate that he knew he didn't have long. It wasn't like just fucking; it was more because it was such a vulnerable position and she'd *asked* for it and she wanted it and she wanted him to tell her about it. It was more than a boy could take.

"I can f-feel it. Mike, the pillow, I can rub...can you cum in my ass while I cum on this pillow? I want to cum with you. I *need* to. I need to feel close to you." It was out before she'd thought about it. Her need to feel close to him was starting to become overwhelming and she knew it wasn't just the sex.

"Rub yourself on that pillow. Let it make you cum, El. I'll wait for you. I'm so close but I can hang on. You feel so amazing. Everything about you is amazing." The sirens wailed outside as the storm of lust that was Mike and El raged in the basement.

Mike felt her spread her legs more, making her lay almost all the way on her stomach with her ass just barely raised. He let himself fall over her, hearing her moan as the position suddenly changed.

"Oh, fuck yes, just like that. Fuck me just like that. It's so much better this way, with you on top of me. You're pushing me into the pillow... Mike...don't stop. I'm...I'm! Oh! Please fill me up I'm cumming. Let me feel it while my pussy c-cuummms..."

Mike could tell when I happened. El's pelvis pushed down into the pillow and he felt her spasm, even with his dick in her ass he could feel the rhythmic pulsing and he definitely could feel her legs shaking. Her whole body was shaking actually but he didn't have a lot of time to think about it because it was then that Mike let go and dumped long ropey strings of hot cum into El's ass.

"Fuck! El, I'm cumming in you!"

"I feel it! I want it, Mike. You're such a good boy. You always give me what I ask for." She was still quaking as she felt him empty into her. When he was finally finished he tried to roll off of her but El wouldn't let him. "No, stay. For a minute. I don't want you to leave me yet."

"El, I'm not leaving you. I just don't want to squish you."

"I like it when you squish me." El held on to him as best as she could from underneath him, letting her arms find whatever they could. Mike seemed to know what she needed so he held her that way until they finally rolled over and held each other.

The sirens finally stopped and the thunder seemed to be more distant.

"El?" Mike asked as they lay together in the floor. He had covered them with the blanket and they could hear the rain hitting the roof, causing them to feel drowsy after such exertion.

"Yeah?"

"What is this? I mean, this is kinda...intense? But in a good way. I just...do you feel it too? Like, I don't know. Maybe I'm reading too much into it."

El sighed. She had been avoiding listening to her true feelings, letting her body have fun. Now Mike was asking and she needed to be honest.



"I feel *something*. Like, I wouldn't do that with just anyone. I know the way this happened, I don't really come off as anything but a slut, but you just made me feel things I'd never felt, if I'm being honest with myself. And with you. I feel like there isn't anything I wouldn't do for you and even though I get scared, I don't think you'd judge me on anything I might tell you. Like you said, we're connected. And I didn't want to admit it and I tried to push it away, but there's definitely something. And I don't want to stop feeling it. So while I don't know exactly what it is I do know that I want more of it. And um, I don't even just mean sex. I want..."

Mike could see that she was having trouble.

"Yeah. I know. I want it too." He let her off the hook, knowing that two days into their friendship wasn't the time to be discussing the strong feelings he knew they were both having.

They dozed into the afternoon and had just put clothes on when Mike's parents returned home. Karen praised Mike for how well he'd handled being alone in such a storm.

"And did he make sure you had everything you needed, El?" Karen asked.

El and Mike exchanged glances, both smiling.

"Everything. Even more than that. Mike took care of *everything*."

"That's my good dependable boy. Isn't he so dependable, El?" Karen smiled brightly at Mike.

"Mike showed me more than once how dependable he really is. I don't know what I'd do without him." El knew she'd have to go home soon since the storm was over and she just wanted a few more minutes alone with Mike.

Karen noticed that something was different about the two of them, at least, different than it had been the previous night at dinner but she chalked it up to them waiting out a scary storm together and nothing more.

"Well feel free to come back to finish your project. You were no

problem at all. You can even stay here with us any time your dad is working all night. You know that, right? I don't ever want to hear about you being left home all alone."

"Really? Thanks, Mrs. Wheeler. He's actually out at least once a week. I'd really like not being so alone."

Karen hugged her again. "Any time, sweetie."

Since they'd seen the streets on their way back home and knew that the damage wasn't as bad as they'd feared, Karen let Mike drive El back to her house. They rode in silence, but it was in no way awkward.

Sitting in the car outside her house, Mike spoke first.

"I had a really good time with you. Um, I just, I hope we can hang out again."

El took his hand in hers.

"Why wouldn't we?"

"Well, we've still got school on Monday. I'm sure you'll get to hear more shit they'll say about me and I understand that it's off-putting. I get it." Mike looked down.

"Mike, don't worry. None of them matter to me. *You* do." The last part was said so quietly that Mike almost didn't hear her.

Mike slid across the seat and kissed her. He didn't care if someone saw. He needed her to know.

"El, this wasn't just something that happened. I feel like it was *supposed* to. I feel like it's just the beginning of a book I'm never gonna want to end. I want you to know that I feel something between us...like something *big*. Like fate. Or destiny. Or any of that other stuff that you hear about but don't believe because it's never happened to you. And I can't wait until we can finish our project."

El brightened. Hearing him talk about their project made her think of another thing they'd talked about.

"Yeah. Well I can't wait to work on our other *project*. I'm gonna fall asleep thinking about it tonight." El kissed him once more, pulling away just as her father's truck came barreling up the driveway.

El and Mike got out of the car and met her dad. Chief Hopper grunted at Mike, but then thanked him for keeping El safe.

"She wasn't any trouble was she?" Hopper asked as they stood in the driveway.

"No sir. I mean, we worked on our project and talked about getting it finished and we kinda, hunkered down during the storm. I'm actually glad El was there so I wasn't all alone." Mike was proud of himself for being so wickedly truthful.

"Good deal. Thanks for letting her stay. Your mom said she could stay over when I'm working nights. Is that okay with you? I know how she can be sometimes." Hopper glared at El's head as he said this, remembering her anger that had led to her grabbing the clippers in the first place.

"Sure. We didn't have any problems. We get along great," Mike said.

"Right! We definitely do." El chimed in.

"Well I have to work Monday night so if you want her again, she's yours."

Mike looked at El. He wanted to say the perfect thing.

"I guess she's mine then." Mike was pleased with his answer and didn't miss how El ducked her head to hide her blushing.

"Okay then. I'm going inside." Hopper huffed and entered the house, leaving Mike and El alone.

"So, see you at school Monday?" Mike asked.

"Yeah. See you at school. I'll bring some clothes for Tuesday? Ride home with you on your bike?" El seemed anxious, like he might say no.

"I'm afraid your dad is looking but I really want to kiss you again and yes, you can ride home with me on my bike and I can't wait to spend the night with you again. El, you make me feel like maybe my life isn't as shitty as I thought. You're definitely the brightest part of it."

El had never been told such a thing, especially by someone who also made her feel so special.

"And you're the brightest part of mine. I'll see you soon, Mike. Don't forget about me." El walked toward her house, stopping just at the door, where she knew she was out of her father's line of vision, and blew a kiss to Mike.

*How could I ever forget you? You're the best thing I've ever encountered.*

Mike pretended to catch her kiss and then got back in his car. As he drove home he wondered what it would be like when he saw her at school. Would she really still treat him the same way? Would it be awkward? Would he be able to control himself?

The last question was the real kicker. But Mike knew that whatever happened, his feelings for El Hopper were no longer romantic fantasies. This was the real thing.

**Author's Note: There will be more, I'm just not sure right now when. I'll think of something. I like when people read my stuff but only one person's opinion will ever really matter to me.**

### 3. Chapter 3

**I wish this was as fun to write as Losing My Religion was. But maybe it's at least okay to read(?). I figure I'll get them through the presentation of their project and then wrap it up. I don't plan to continue it forever.**

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The rest of the weekend went by achingly slowly. Mike thought about maybe riding his bike over to El's house, or maybe calling her, but he couldn't bring himself to do it. Even with all of the things they'd done, he still felt like that nerdy kid who got picked on at school and he was afraid that at some point El would see what the others saw. Mike wasn't ready for that yet.

But at the same time he couldn't wait for Monday.

Unbeknownst to her, El was having the same issues as Mike. She wanted to call him, or to see him, but she was also afraid that she had been too forward and that maybe after having some time to really think about it, Mike would reconsider everything and realize that she was some gross girl and that he could do better, even if it meant he had to wait until college. She'd had anal sex with him already. El cringed, thinking to herself that she was nothing anyone would want.

But she still wanted to see him at school.

Of course, Mike was late to school on Monday. He overslept, having been having the strangest yet most comforting dream where he was simply making out with El and then it turned into some nightmare that could have come straight from the mind of Stephen King but he wasn't afraid because El was still with him and she could read people's minds and knew what was coming, so they were protected, though he had to carry her the whole time. Mike didn't mind. The dream was more vivid than his dreams had been as of late and he woke up happy but after realizing that he was running behind, having to skip breakfast and race to school, he was in quite a foul mood. He hoped to at least get to talk to El when he got there but as he entered the hallway he was a little surprised to see her standing

with a small group of girls, some popular ones he noted, and he didn't want to tarnish any chance she had at making friends by talking to her in front of them. Mike knew what they all thought of him.

El saw him walk in looking moody and sexy, but she had already been cornered by Stacy and Jennifer and was trying to be nice. She wanted to go talk to Mike; if she was honest she wanted to go kiss him, but she didn't dare because he looked mad and before she had a chance to politely exit her conversation with the girls, Mike had disappeared and El lost track of him.

And even though he'd looked mad El thought he looked amazing and every time she thought about him she'd smile like an idiot and then hope that no one saw her.

If Mike had thought his day was going poorly *before* gym class, he was about to up the ante. While he was changing he overheard Troy and some other guys talking.

"Yeah, man. She went down. It was before she shaved her fucking head though. I don't know what that's about. She looks like a fucking dyke now," Troy was saying. Mike's ears had perked up at the mention of *shaved head*.

"Was she good?" A boy asked.

"Eh, I mean, having your dick sucked is always good. You know, like pizza. Even bad pizza is pretty good. Am I right? But she used her teeth too much and I wouldn't like, say she was the best I'd ever had."

Mike knew this was not true. El sucked cock like an expert, and he knew he was the only one who knew that.

"Did you fuck her?" Another question from yet another boy.

"I'm gonna. And I don't even care, I'm gonna cum so hard inside her. She'll be begging me for more the next day," Troy laughed.

Mike had heard enough.

"Fuck you, Troy. You're a liar." Mike stood up, having only changed

his shirt.

"What do *you* know, you fucking queer? Oh, I guess you *are* the expert on blowjobs. Are you jealous? You want a turn?" With that Troy whipped his dick out of his shorts.

"What the fuck, Troy? Why do you always go there? Is it because of some latent homosexual fantasies you have? You're always doing that shit, snapping dudes' asses, talking about how I'm a faggot...maybe you're talking about *yourself*. Did you ever think of that? I mean, you lie about girls and you actively make smaller guys compare their dicks to yours. What the actual fuck is wrong with you?"

Mike's blood was boiling. He hadn't gotten to speak to El, actually found that he *missed* her, and now he was having to listen to Troy tell lies that would undoubtedly become the gospel in this backwoods, backwater, dumbfuck school.

And then, with his dick still hanging out of his shorts, Troy punched Mike in the face. Luckily there was such a commotion that the coach came barging in but Mike was still sent to the principal's office. He explained that he was taking up for Chief Hopper's daughter and the principal was sympathetic, knowing himself how Troy was, but he told Mike that if there were any more incidents he'd be suspended just like Troy. Since he hadn't been the one to throw the punch, he only got a warning. Mike thought it was bullshit, that he shouldn't get in trouble for something another kid did, but since there were no *real* consequences he thought he'd just put it behind him. It wasn't even third period yet and already his day was one of the worst. The only upside was that he pretty much got to skip gym altogether and his next class after that was English, where he'd get to sit next to El.

But of course, that didn't go as planned either. Mike was moody and hardly spoke to El. He felt like a dick but he was in such a bad mood he couldn't help it. When El asked if it was still cool for her to spend the night he only shrugged and then nodded. He didn't see how her face fell when he didn't seem happy to see her.

El spent the rest of the day worried that Mike didn't want her, but also not being able to stop thinking about him. So she thought she'd ask him to stop at her house on the way home, knowing that they'd

be totally alone and maybe she could figure some things out.

"Mike, could we stop by my house first? I forgot something." El was standing on the pgs behind Mike as they rode home from school. He hadn't talked much to her and she was worried that she'd done something wrong.

Mike wordlessly changed direction, heading more toward El's side of town. El frowned. How was she supposed to finish their project and spend the night at his house if he wouldn't even talk to her? She felt dumb and ashamed that she'd let herself go so far with him sexually and was seriously rethinking her feelings.

The closer to her house they got, the madder El found herself getting. As far as she could tell there was no reason for him to be mad at her. She knew he had a black eye, but she didn't know what the fight was about because Mike had barely spoken to her. It wasn't *her* fault that the girls had grabbed her and asked her to sit with them at lunch before Mike came into the cafeteria. In fact, El had been going to go sit with him but she couldn't find him again after she first spotted his mop of hair and brooding face as he entered the room.

So when they entered her empty house, El wanted answers.

"What's wrong?" She asked.

Mike just shrugged. El sighed.

"Come back here while I get my stuff." Mike followed El down the hallway to her bedroom.

El's bedroom was bright and cheerful, with a soft white comforter and bedsheets with little pink roses on them. Her dresser had a large mirror and the reflections made the room seem bigger. Everything seemed airy and Mike saw baby pinks and purples everywhere he looked. Even her picture frames were colored. Everything took on a soft quality and Mike felt himself relax.

"Why haven't you talked to me today?" El finally asked. She had found what she wanted, extra underwear for tomorrow, and realized that she'd never before had a boy in her bedroom. A boy she really



liked.

"It was a bad day. I'll just leave it at that. I mean, it started okay but that was when I was still asleep. I was having a cool dream. But then I was late and everything snowballed from there. You seem to have some new friends anyway."

His tone indicated jealousy. El didn't know why.

"Well why did you get in a fight? What's that about?" She asked.

"It doesn't matter."

"Mike, it *does* matter. To me. You have a black eye. How did you get it?"

"I said it doesn't matter."

"Stop being weird. And it does matter."

Mike didn't know why he was acting in such a way, being so abrasive and standoffish. He didn't know how he had gone from being excited to see El, to being jealous, and then to being argumentative.

"I'm not being weird!" Mike yelled.

"Well you certainly *seem* weird! We do all this... *stuff*. This sex stuff and now you barely have talked to me and it makes me feel really shitty, Mike. I'm kinda thinking you just used me. And now I'm asking about the well-being of your *eye* and you still won't even open up. What am I supposed to think? I thought...I thought there was something between us. I thought we *felt* something." El's voice got quieter.

"You want to know? Is it true? What Troy said?" Mike knew it wasn't and he was just arguing. He didn't even know why.

"What? What did he say?" El looked perplexed and a little stunned.

"He said you sucked his cock but that your teeth got in the way. So I said it wasn't true. Because even if it is, I don't want it to be. Then he punched me."

El's hand went to her mouth. Mike could see tears forming in her eyes and he knew none of it was true. He'd been such a wastoid for even acting as though it could be. He felt like an ass.

"El, I couldn't just let him talk about you like that. I said some choice things myself but I don't know if anyone will believe me. Probably not. So there's a good chance the whole school will think it's true. I'm sorry."

El reached out and caressed Mike's black eye.

"You got this standing up for me? To Troy? Does it hurt?"

"It's not as bad now." Mike had moved closer to her when she reached out and now they were standing only a couple of inches apart and right next to El's bed. "And before that I had been so excited for the day. You were in my dream and even though it changed and got scary, you were still there and it made me feel better. But then I didn't get to talk to you at school, and then stupid fucking Troy, so by English I was being a dick because I figured you'd come to your senses and not want anything to do with me, and then we didn't eat lunch together, so my whole day I was just in my head making everything worse."

"You dreamed about me? Mike, I dreamed about you too. Last night. Right here," El nodded toward her bed.

Mike looked at the bed and then back at El. They fell together, tangled, the frustrations of the day quickly melting away as they made out. In no time Mike was hard but El was ready for it, clawing at his jeans to unfasten them. Mike didn't want to think about school or Troy or anything that wasn't El.

"My mom is expecting us before 4:30 so we've gotta hurry," he whispered, turning her onto her stomach and pushing her already damp panties to the side. He left her skirt on, only pushing it up to give himself access. He did take a moment to admire her ass and how it looked with him holding the elastic of her panties as far over onto her left cheek as he could. The turquoise silk against her tanned skin only made him harder. He ran his other hand over her ass, feeling how taut and smooth it was.

"Then you should be fast. *Can* you be fast?" El asked, craning her neck to see him.

"I guess we'll see," Mike answered as he sunk himself deep inside her. They both moaned at the feeling.

"Oh God, you're fucking me in my bedroom. And no one is here so we can be loud. So fuck me! Do it, Mike. Make me scream when I cum." El was pushing back on him, trying to take more as he rammed into her.

"You were already so wet but we were arguing before. How is that?" Mike questioned as he held her hips, occasionally pushing her flat onto her mattress and then pulling her back up to change his angle when he felt like it.

"You were in my r-room and I saw my bed and I've wanted you all day. Been thinking about it. So it didn't take much," El admitted as she took his cock.

"You thought about it all day?" Mike was shocked. He never really thought he'd be the object of anyone's desire, certainly not someone as awesome as El Hopper.

"Ev-every time I did I'd smile like an idiot and have to cover my mouth. I felt dumb but I c-couldn't stop thinking about it. Oh God, your dick feels so good." El lifted her head, noticing her mirror. "Looks so good too."

Mike followed her gaze and got an idea. He pulled her back so that her knees were on the edge of her bed and he could get as close to her as possible while still standing on the floor. He pulled her shoulders up until he was hugging her from behind with his cock still lodged inside her tight pussy. He could easily see the mirror over her shoulder.

"Hold up your skirt with one hand and touch yourself with the other. I want to watch you do it. We'll make you cum together while we watch me fuck you. You can watch me fill you up with all my jizz and then you can watch it drip out. Want to?"

El's hands went to where he'd asked, one holding her skirt out of the way while the other tickled her clit. She could feel Mike's dick as he kept fucking her, his thrusts shorter from the new position where he was hugging her but still just as effective.

"I'd never suck Tr-Troy's cock, Mike. I only want yours," El breathed as she watched her mirror, her hand flicking over her clit as Mike's dick filled her up.

"I know. You like to cum on it. And I like it when you do. Let's cum together. I want to see it happen in the mirror. Don't hold back," Mike told her.

"You...you don't hold back either. Fuck! Look at us, Mike. You're fucking me s-so g-good. I'm gonna...don't...fuck! Hold me...make me...make me...Miiiiiiikkkkeee!" El came hard, much harder than she'd anticipated, feeling her whole body spasm and then continue to pulse, her legs and arms feeling like jelly while her pussy contracted and breathed around Mike's cock as his arms held her against his chest.

"Oh fuck, I am too. You make me cum so haaaarrrd!" Mike watched the mirror, holding on to El as he shoved himself deep inside her, pulling her down further onto his dick. He felt it throb and then pulse violently, cum exploding into her for what seemed like an eternity. The plan had been to watch it drip back out but they were so exhausted from the intensity that they fell forward onto the bed.

"I wanted that all day," El said as they caught their breath.

"I'm still sorry about Troy. He's such an asshole. I know from experience that he'll spread rumors." Mike rubbed her head as they lay together, feeling himself calming as his fingers massaged the silky softness of her buzzed head.

"I don't care what they think. I don't care what *anyone* thinks but you." El nuzzled her face into the crook of his neck.

"I think I want you to be my girlfriend. Will you?"

El lifted her head to look at him. "In my dreams I already am, so

yeah, definitely in real life."

After dinner they decided that their project only needed to be filmed and they wanted to do that on Thursday night, so after getting permission to watch a movie they headed back down into the basement. Mike's mom had agreed as long as they went to bed by 11:00. She had a headache and was going to bed early.

Sitting in the floor of the basement, Mike and El talked. It had occurred to them both that they wanted to know more about each other, especially since both realized that their feelings couldn't be contained. But it couldn't *all* be about sex, no matter how good the two of them were at it. So they started with the simple things.

"What's your favorite color?" Mike asked.

"Pink. I know it's cliché for girls to like pink, but I do. I also like gray. What about you?"

Mike thought about it. "Well if you're cliché then I guess I am too because I like blue. But probably like, more dark blue."

El smiled. "Maybe colors aren't our most creative aspect."

It continued that way and they learned that they liked a lot of the same bands and music, the same books, a lot of the same movies. Of course, eventually the conversation did turn back to sex.

"What's the weirdest thing you saw while you lived in Vegas?" Mike asked, honestly thinking of perhaps oddly dressed people on the street or crazy circus themed acts.

"It's a little embarrassing," El replied.

"You can tell me." Mike got more serious, wondering what it could possibly be.

"Well, once when I was about twelve my mom was working and I was hanging out with this girl who worked with her but who wasn't dancing that night. Her name was Cinnamon, or her stage name was. Anyway, since I was twelve she seemed to think that she didn't need to watch me too closely because I wasn't a baby, so she went to talk

to her boyfriend and left me back in one of the dressing rooms. I decided to explore a little and left the dressing room. I walked down a hallway and there was a dark curtain and I could hear weird muffled sounds coming from behind it so I peeked through. The curtain concealed a room and after a few seconds my eyes adjusted and I could see. There were like, eight people in there and they were all having sex. It was an orgy and I couldn't look away. They were all so busy fucking and sucking that no one saw me so I stayed and watched. Even though my mom was a dancer she never let me see things like that. I um, got really wet while I was watching so I touched myself. It was the first time I ever came."

Mike's mouth hung open. He was picturing a younger El, in his mind seeing her hiding, watching, with her hand in her pants maybe furiously rubbing and not really knowing why she needed to. He shifted, trying to calm himself. They were just talking; no need to get all excited.

"Wow," Mike started. He felt like he needed to tell her something slightly embarrassing about himself too, even though what she'd told him he found to be hot and not at all embarrassing. "Well, I mean, that's not too embarrassing. You did kind of stumble upon it. I could tell you something that I think is a little embarrassing. But it's never anything I've done. I just think about it."

El was intrigued. If Mike had told her about his porn watching pretty much the first time they ever hung out, then she couldn't imagine what he might find embarrassing.

"I won't judge you. What is it?"

"I uh, if it was the right person, I kinda wonder what it would be like to be um...submissive. Just to see what it's like. To like, be told what to do and to have to ask permission. It could be hot. At least I think." Mike wasn't sure if he should look at El or the floor after his admission. He didn't know what she'd think.

El, however, saw the perfect opportunity to do something she'd been thinking about since she'd run her panties over his dick in their guessing game from a few nights earlier.

"Really?" She asked. "I think that's hot, Mike. Would you um, wanna try it? With me?"

"You're into that?" Mike asked, obviously surprised.

"Well like you said, just to see what it's like. I can give orders. But only if you really want to." El hoped he'd say he wanted to. She was already thinking about what she wanted to do.

"How should we start?" Mike asked.

"So you're saying you want to?" El saw him nod and that was all she needed. She went over to her bag and took out a pair of light purple lacy panties. She knew the color would contrast against Mike's pale skin and it turned her on to think about it. "Go in the bathroom and put these on. Don't let yourself get hard, Mike. I want to watch that happen while you're wearing these. Come back out wearing *only* these. Do you understand?" Her tone was commanding yet gentle.

In the bathroom, Mike could feel his heart beating in his chest. He was willing himself not to get hard, wanting to do as he'd been told. He slipped out of his clothes and stepped into the dainty fabric. He knew even as he was pulling them up that they were too small but he did it anyway. His cock barely fit inside them even when it was soft. The lace cupped his balls as the panties rode up, the light colored fabric almost transparent.

As Mike reemerged from the bathroom El gasped. She had imagined it but seeing the outline of his cock in her own panties was a hotter vision than she'd anticipated. They were so tight on him that she could see everything.

She wanted to watch him get hard. So El started her game.

"Okay, what I want is to watch your dick grow while you wear my little panties. You can't touch yourself, Mike. I want you to stand right here in front of me and watch me play with myself. I'm not going to cum, I'm just going to play. And you'll watch me."

Mike stood in front of the sofa where El was sitting and watched her pull her socked feet up onto it, her heels digging into the cushions.

She was no longer wearing panties, Mike noticed, as her skirt lifted with her new position. El started to lightly rub the lips of her pussy, making sure Mike could see everything.

El was happy with how it was going. She definitely liked how Mike looked wearing her underwear and he was already starting to get hard as he watched her rub her clit and her lips. He kept getting bigger and before long El saw his dick poke through the elastic waistband of her panties, too large to remain tucked away. There was no place to go but up so Mike's cock went up. El could see the glistening head sticking out of the purple fabric but could also see the rigid outline of his shaft straining against the material. It was the best of both worlds.

"Step closer to me," El commanded. Mike stood at the edge of the cushions, any closer and he'd be on the couch himself. El reached out and stroked him, feeling how hot his cock was through the lace. He was leaking and she rubbed the liquid all over the tip and down the front of her panties.

"Do you like this?" El asked.

"Yes ma'am," Mike answered.

"Good boy. You know just how to answer me. For that, I'll do it more." El stopped rubbing herself and pressed her face into Mike's crotch, holding on to his ass as she started to lick him from the outside. She inhaled, smelling Mike's cum from earlier at her house as well as the scent of the fabric softener she'd made her father buy expressly for cleaning her more fragile garments.

She wanted to go slow, but with each passing second El was getting more and more turned on. She wanted to make it memorable though, wanting to fulfill Mike's fantasy, so since she knew she couldn't hold out for too much longer El decided to just be more dominant.

"Sit down, Mike. Now." El pushed him to where she wanted him and then proceeded to straddle him after she removed her skirt and blouse. She was wearing only socks pulled up to her knees. She started to grind down on him, feeling his cock push her panties into her bare slit.



"Do you want to make me cum, Mike?"

"Yes ma'am," Mike's voice was strained.

"Do you like wearing my panties?" El was grinding harder, the sensation of lace in her slit, feeling the head of Mike's cock rub against her as well, was making her want to move her hips even faster, but she remained in control.

"I do. I like how they feel against my dick."

"Will you be a good boy for me if I let you put it inside? I know you want to. You got so hard for me, just like I hoped."

"I'll be good. Anything you want."

El reached between them and pulled the panties to the side, much the same way that Mike had done to her earlier in her own bedroom. She sighed as she felt the warm skin of his cock come into contact with her pussy and with a tilt of her hips she felt him slide into her. She went laboriously slow.

"I want you to tell me when you think you're gonna cum, Mike. Tell me so I'll stop. Because I don't want you to cum until you can no longer stand not to. Three times, Mike," El said as she rode him. "I want you to get almost there and then stop and on the third time I'll let you cum." El grabbed Mike's hands and put them on her ass. She raised herself up and lowered again and again, taking his full length inside her.

"And I know you have great stamina, but you don't have to today. Just do what I say, Mike." El could already feel that she was going to be cumming within a matter of seconds. "But right now I'm gonna cum on your dick. Watch me." El locked eyes with Mike and felt it. She never stopped moving and rode him the entire time, her toes curling in her socks, her legs clenching and then shaking as Mike's dick kept moving in and out of her.

Mike bit his lip. Seeing her was too sexy.

"El, I gotta stop. I'm sorry," Mike apologized.

"Don't be sorry, that's what I wanted. Two more times and you get to cum." El sat still with his dick still inside her. She could feel it twitching and could see his face as he struggled to compose himself. After a few seconds his eyes opened and he nodded, ready to go again.

El leaned forward and kissed him as she started moving once more. Her hips rocked forward and backward, engulfing Mike's hard dick in her pussy.

"Did you like watching yourself in my mirror today? Like watching your dick slide into me? I like it when you tell me what to do. I liked when you told me to touch myself while you fucked me. But now I get to tell *you* what to do."

"Yeah, I like watching. You look so good when you're taking my cock but seeing it in a mirror is like watching a movie. It's so hot." Mike thought about the afternoon, how he had her pulled up and could see his dick moving into her as she slapped her clit, both of them so intent on making the other cum.

El started riding him faster and yet still taking him so deep. Mike knew he'd need to stop again soon, just thinking about their afternoon romp while he was feeling her on him and wearing her panties was enough to make him really need to empty himself.

"Oh God, El, I'm too close," Mike managed to say as he felt her sink down, her warm, smooth walls gripping him tightly.

Once again El stopped moving, letting Mike regain control of himself. She liked how it felt as he kept himself from cumming, feeling him twitch and hearing his breath hitch as he willed himself to be calm.

"One more time. Next time you don't have to stop yourself. But Mike, I still want you to tell me because I don't want you to cum inside me. Not this time. I want you to pull out and cum in my panties. I want you to make sure every drop goes into them. And I know it'll be a lot since I made you stop twice already." El was bouncing on him as she spoke, her words exciting even to herself.

"Oh fuck, El," Mike breathed. He was thinking about how it would

look to watch himself jizz into her lacy panties, maybe smearing it all around afterward.

"And tomorrow you're gonna wear them to school. You'll be able to feel your dried cum when you ride us to school on your bike. But it'll be worth it, because I won't wear panties at all. And at lunchtime we can go to the girls' locker room, no one will be in there, and you can fuck me. Hard. Make me cum at school. And you can cum inside me then and I'll put these panties back on after we're done so I can feel your cum squishing around against me for the rest of the day. Does that seem like something you might want to do?"

Mike could see the picture she was vividly painting in his mind. He didn't know how he'd fallen into something so amazing. Or how he'd *found* someone so amazing.

"Fuck yes. I'm gonna cum, El. It's gonna be so hard. I m-might lose some," Mike worried.

El knew she was close again and she wanted to make sure all of Mike's cum made it into her panties. She slipped off of him, taking his hand and placing it on her clit. Mike instinctively started masterfully massaging it. El held the front of her panties over the head of his cock, stretching the purple fabric as much as the lace would allow, making sure to cover the tip as best as she could.

"Rub me and make me cum. Do it while you cum, Mike. I'll help you...oh, fuck like that...catch it." El saw Mike's abs tighten and felt him rub her harder just before she saw the light purple fabric become instantly darker. The wet patch spread as Mike spurted, spraying everything into the panties as El held them over his dick.

"Shiiit, fuck....so good," Mike panted as he watched her catch his cum, feeling the exquisite relief of firing his huge load out of himself.

"M-me too...rub...don't stop, Mike." El was still holding her panties to catch his cum when she felt her own orgasm. She wanted to keep her eyes open to keep watching the fabric become darker, but the feelings were too overwhelming and she had to just ride the wave.

They sat together, El still straddling Mike, for what seemed like an

hour. Naked chest to naked chest, neither of them wanted to part just yet. They knew their 11:00 bedtime was quickly approaching though so they reluctantly redressed.

"Be careful with those until they're dry," El reminded him. "Tomorrow is going to be fun. Not like school today. I promise I'll make time for you. My boyfriend." The term still sounded strange to her ears. "And you'll promise me that you'll tell me what's bothering you and not be a dumbass?"

Mike chuckled, "I can promise you that I'll tell you what's bothering me but I can't promise that I won't be a dumbass."

El rolled her eyes and laughed. They again parted ways at the respective rooms where they'd sleep, but not before one last goodnight kiss.

"Oh, and El? You can tell me what to do any time."

"Take care of my cum filled panties. Don't lose any of it. It's mine now. Wear them tomorrow, Mike. That's my last command of the night. You were such a good boy."

"Thank you. I'll be good at school too." Mike watched her walk into Nancy's room and then turn back to him.

"I *know*." El smiled and then shut the door.

**Author's Note: I'm discovering that I'm quickly exhausting the basement and locations therein so I'm gonna have to send them on a few field trips, so to speak. Hopefully the next chapter will be fun.**

## 4. Chapter 4

**This may not be the best chapter. I said it was gonna get a little angsty. For people who just want to read my smut, I'm sorry. No one writes in a vacuum and I'm just a ball of insecurity right now. I know that's evident in my writing. I'm sorry it's not great.**

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As Mike lay in bed trying to fall asleep, he couldn't stop replaying the events of the day back in his mind. He had a *girlfriend* now but it wasn't just some title to him. While he'd never had one, and honestly kind of figured he never would, he was a little scared at how intense his feelings for El had become in such a short period of time. He knew it was a little silly from an objective point of view; they had only known each other for a week and that shouldn't be enough time to develop such strong feelings, and yet they had crossed so many lines and done so many things Mike had only ever *thought* about doing.

Mike was afraid of the things he was already thinking about regarding El. College, the future, *long term* things. He tried to keep himself from it, trying to go with the flow so he wouldn't end up getting hurt, but his brain was a machine that could never be turned off. It was constantly working, thinking, planning and hoping and Mike was helpless to stop it.

The next morning, Mike put the panties back on. He told himself that no one would know and that he only had to wear them until lunchtime and then he'd get to be alone with El. At *school*. It was both scary and exciting and Mike hoped he wouldn't chicken out.

When he went downstairs to breakfast, Mike forgot that he was wearing El's panties crusted in his own cum. He forgot his name for a second. El was standing in the kitchen and the sunlight bathed her the way it always seemed to. She wore long black socks that went above her knees and Mike could see a few inches of her thighs between the socks and the gray skirt she was also wearing. Her shirt was nothing spectacular, just a black polo shirt, but on her it looked sexy as hell, fitting her perfectly and showing off the swell of her breasts.

"Oh, hey, Mike. I got up early so I could take a shower without getting in anyone's way." El was popping Eggos into the toaster.

"Sweetie, were you going to take your lunch today or eat what the school is having?" Karen asked. She was busy making Holly's lunch.

"Um," Mike wasn't sure what to say.

"Oh I've seen the menu," El winked at Mike. "He'll definitely want to eat what he's served at school."

Mike was in his head most of the morning. They had ridden to school together but it hadn't gone unnoticed by him that El kissed his cheek well before they approached the school building. Mike worried about what that might mean.

*Does she not want anyone to see?*

He somehow made it through his morning classes, not really listening to the teacher but feeling sick instead. He felt sick because he couldn't stop thinking about how attached he felt he was to El. He told himself it was ridiculous, that it was way too soon, but the feelings remained. He wondered if he'd made a mistake by getting physical so soon. But then he wondered if she would have ever looked at him differently if he *hadn't* gotten physical. After all, he was kind of nothing. Everyone knew it.

In English they had a substitute and Mike and El found out that their project deadline would be pushed back. Since the teacher was dealing with some personal things and they'd have a sub for a few weeks, they had a lot more time to complete it.

"So, how you feeling?" El asked, smirking and looking at Mike's crotch as they sat together in English.

Mike was suddenly sure that sex was all she wanted from him. But he wanted her, in whatever way possible, so he was going to do his best to make sure she got what she wanted.

"I'm feeling like I'm ready to give you back what's yours. With maybe a little of what's mine attached." He winked at her, feeling like he could do this. He could be whatever she wanted him to be as long as

she wanted him to be *something*.

At lunch El spotted Mike across the cafeteria and motioned for him to follow her. Mike kept some distance but found her in the girls' locker room, just like they'd talked about.

El was on him in an instant.

"I can't believe we're doing this at school," she said as she kissed him, pushing him down onto the bench in front of the lockers.

"It's what you wanted, right? I can't believe you've been here all day with no underwear. El, you know *exactly* how hot you are in these socks."

El looked at him, the two of them laying on the bench, El on top.

"Lift my skirt and show me how that makes you feel."

Mike did. His hands went underneath the wool fabric, pushing it up but keeping it bunched around her waist. He had planned for needing to remove her panties from himself so he'd worn shoes that he could easily slip off. He kicked them to the floor while his hands squeezed her tight ass.

El reached between them and unfastened Mike's jeans. Their lunch period was only about forty-five minutes and they had already spent at least fifteen finding each other and getting to the locker room.

"Did you like wearing my panties? I like seeing your hard cock peeking through them. You made me cum so hard last night. I want you to do it again here. So that next time girls give me a hard time when we're changing I can think of how well you fucked me while they were stuffing their faces with square pizza and fucking corn."

"I like how they feel. They feel different than my briefs. Knowing you're gonna put them back on makes it so much hotter. Want me to take them off now?"

El kissed him hard, feeling his erection against her bare pussy. It was straining through the fabric of her panties and she knew she had him where she'd hoped. Hard and ready to do whatever she asked.

"No, keep them on. I want to add to the cum. Add it while you fuck me against the lockers. Mike, I think you'll have to be fast or we'll be late to our next class."

Despite whatever questions or qualms he had about his feelings or their relationship, Mike was determined to rise to any occasion. He set aside his doubts, his doubts about her feelings not being as strong as his, and focused on giving her the fantasy she wanted. He knew her well enough to know some things she liked.

With one swoop he pushed her up, holding her and swinging her around until her back hit the metal lockers. Mike pushed her shirt up until her breasts were revealed to him and then commenced sucking on them. He knew time was of the essence but he could still make it memorable. El was pulling at his hair, her skirt still around her waist and now her shirt was almost around her shoulders, the only thing keeping it on her was the fact that her arms were still in the sleeves.

"You want me to make you cum? At school? Such a dirty, needy girl. Instead of lunch you need cock. I can get behind that," Mike said as his tongue lapped at hers. Then he turned her around.

In the girls' locker room the lockers did not have real locks. Anyone could open them because they were really only to stow belongings during gym class and not for long term. Mike knew this, and he opened two of the lower lockers. When El stood on the floor of them Mike didn't have to bend his legs as much.

"I know before I cum I'm gonna lay you out on this bench and fuck you in the prone position. I love looking at your ass. But right now I'm gonna pound you from behind. Gonna split you in two."

"Fuck, just do it already. Please, " El begged.

As Mike plunged his dick into El's dripping pussy, all his doubts dissolved. Right now at least, she definitely wanted him. Right now at least, she definitely craved what he could provide. And she felt so good. Mike watched her fingers grip the lockers, her digits finding the grates and holding on tight as his dick ravaged her from behind. She was trying to be quiet, he knew that, but the locker room made sound carry and he found himself surrounded by echoes of their own



lustful moans and heavy breathing.

The excitement of doing it at school only enhanced everything.

"Oh, fuck, El. Can I move you? This is so good but I want you on the bench," Mike breathed, his lips grazing her neck and the baby fine hairs there.

"Put me on the bench then," she breathed back.

Mike had intended to lay her face down on it, to keep her legs straight and bone her from above. But when he placed her on the bench her legs spread and he found himself fucking her while she straddled the bench. He knew it would have pussy juice and no doubt his own cum on it when they were finished. He didn't care. Feeling his own thighs against hers as he straddled *her*, allowing his cock to penetrate her while she hugged the wooden bench, made it all so much better. Mike noted that any skin to skin contact with El made him instantly feel more at peace.

"My clit is rubbing on the b-bench, Mike. You're being such a g-good boy." El was mumbling, so caught up in feeling the rhythm of Mike's thrusts.

Mike liked being good at what he did. But right then, he was so immersed in feeling himself sliding into El, he could smell her lotion and he could hear her breathing, encouraging him, *wanting* him, that he couldn't censor himself.

"Can I turn you over? I really wanna kiss you while you make me cum."

El moved in a split second, as though she had been thinking the same. Mike fell on her once she was on her back. His cock found its home once more and his lips found hers. They kissed until Mike felt the bubbling in his balls. He wanted to warn her but she wouldn't let go of his hair.

"El, gonna, c-cum," Mike said, trying to break away long enough to tell her what was happening.

El seemed to know. She only let his face part from her lips a fraction

of an inch.

"Me too. Kiss me, Mike. Don't hold back."

Mike connected with her once more. Just a second later he was cumming, feeling himself shoot deep into El's pussy. He knew she was cumming too because he could feel it. He could feel the telltale rhythmic pulses on his cock as his own continued inside her. She kept kissing him even after he had emptied into her, her fingers no longer gripping his hair but stroking it lazily while her kiss carried on.

They lay together on the bench until they were almost out of time.

"I guess you want these back?" Mike asked. He'd worn her panties the whole time.

"I do. I want to watch you take them off and I want you to watch me put them on. Is that okay?"

"Definitely." Mike had let his jeans fall before the lockers so now he was only wearing his shirt and her cum covered panties. "I hope I didn't stretch them out too much." He shimmied out of them and stood half naked like Winnie the Pooh, while he watched her put them on.

"It doesn't matter. I'll make sure they stay up. I'm gonna have your cum against me for the rest of the day. Wish I was staying with you tonight." El said as she put the panties back on. She pulled them into her slit, feeling the wetness of the new cum that had splashed on them, and sighed.

"Yeah, but hey, next week, right?" Mike asked, assuming it would be the same.

El's face fell a little.

"Well, that's the thing. I got put in a group in history this morning. It's worth like 40% of my grade. So I'm gonna have to work on that as much as I need to. You understand, right?"

Mike didn't. He of course *did*, but he didn't know how he could possibly deal with her having other things to do that would be more

important than him.

"Of course I understand. Whatever you need to do." Already he could feel the old feelings, the ones he'd tried to push down, resurfacing.

"Cool. You're the best."

El kissed his cheek and then was gone, leaving Mike alone in the girls' locker room. He got dressed and went to his next class, feeling unsure and afraid and benign and like a piece of nothing.

And she was busy *a lot* after that. Mike didn't get to spend much time with El at all anymore. It wasn't doing anything for his psyche.

Mike felt like he was going crazy. Since El had been put in the group in her history class she seemed to spend all of her time with them. She never had time for Mike anymore and it was slowly killing him. The fact that they had finished their English project on a night that she was supposed to be staying over at his house, but then once they were finished she left saying she had to go do something with her other group and that she was going to spend the night with one of the girls in it, only made him feel worse. Mike felt like she was leaving him, like she'd gotten what she wanted and now had found better things. And sadly, he felt like she deserved better. It still hurt though. They hadn't broken up but Mike felt like he never saw El anymore. She always had other things to do.

And it hurt like nothing he'd ever felt. He found that even going into the basement hurt because it only made him think of *her*.

In fact, Mike was having so much trouble with it that he even talked to his older sister about it when she was home one weekend. It wasn't his style but apparently Nancy had noticed that he was more sullen than usual and she called him into her room on a Friday night.

"Hey, little brother. Come in here for a second?" She asked, her door open, as Mike walked past it.

"What is it?" Mike asked.

"You tell me. You seem down. Want to talk about it?"

Mike's shoulders slumped. He wasn't particularly close to his sister but seeing how concerned she looked made something in him snap and he felt like he was going to cry.

"It's stupid," he offered.

"Bullshit. Sit down. Tell me what's wrong. Is it a girl?"

Mike sat down on the end of Nancy's bed, thinking to himself that the last person to sleep in that bed had been El.

"That makes it sound like dumb high school nonsense. But yeah. Only...I don't know. It's *more* than that." He rested his head in his hand and looked solemnly at the blanket on the bed.

"Okay, you need to talk about it. So talk. Tell me everything. I can tell by your face that this isn't some run of the mill crush. You look like you just saw your best friend get murdered."

"Am I weird? You know, like, if you met me at college, if I was in one of your classes, would you think I'm the weird guy? I mean, you know the shit they say at school but we both agree that Hawkins is a hellhole so who cares, but in the actual world...am I weird?"

Nancy started to speak but Mike went on.

"Like, there's this girl El, and she's new, and Nancy, she's like...well on a scale of 1 to 10 she's easily an 11 and I'm what? Like a 3? Tops? And she even shaved her head and she's *still* amazing but it's more than that. I felt like I knew her for forever the first time we talked. And Nance, um, we've done some stuff. Like, *a lot* of stuff and I know I'm a guy and I'm supposed to like, be collecting sex and upping my numbers or what the fuck ever, but I *dream* about her. I think about her all the fucking time. It never stops. I mean, she's my girlfriend but I never see her anymore because she's in a group in her history class and I guess it's really important but I *miss* her and I don't feel like I can say that because before that she didn't have any friends and now she kind of does and I don't want to be the kind of guy who doesn't let her live her life however she wants. But God, I miss her. And it was so fast! I mean, my feelings went from crush to falling in like two seconds and that scares me but mostly because I'm afraid she doesn't

feel the same way. I'm not afraid of my feelings for her. I'm just afraid to not have her. I know. It's obsessive. You'll probably say if a guy was like that with you that you'd do everything you could to keep him away from you."

Nancy sat with her mouth open looking at her dorky little brother, though now she was *really* looking at him. Looking at the man at the foot of her bed instead of the irritating boy who had stolen money from her piggy bank. She could see her was hurting.

"Well, yeah, you're weird. But that's what people *want*. Sure, there are dumb girls who want that jock-alpha-male-can't-read-four-syllable-words type guy, and I hate those bitches by the way, but girls fantasize about smart guys who are good in bed and who can make them feel safe and loved. At least I do. I can't speak for everyone. And Mike, maybe she's not the one. Ever think of that?"

"That's just it though. I know that she *is*. But I also think that she deserves way better than me. I mean, what am I good at? Writing? Science? If I don't nail it I'll just be another dude working at some asshole place and wearing a name tag. I'm not gonna be a doctor. If I fuck it up, I'll be nothing. And she deserves way better than nothing. If she even wants me. I really just want her to be happy. But, Nancy, I really wish it could be with *me*." Mike's voice trailed off.

"You're too smart, little brother. You need to be able to see things like normal people do. You need to *talk* to her and tell her how you feel. Don't you think she deserves that?" Nancy asked.

"Yeah, but what if I ruin it? What if I tell her how I really feel and it's too much and I lose her forever? Nance, I've been thinking about the quarry sometimes."

"Fuck no you haven't. Michael, that is *not* an option."

"But you know that it *is*. It's always there. I wouldn't have to think about any of it anymore. It wouldn't matter if she did or didn't love me. Yeah, I said it. I love her. But it wouldn't matter and I wouldn't have to feel this way."

Nancy had tears in her eyes, hearing her brother speak of jumping

into the quarry like it was something he thought about every day. Like it was as easy as deciding between walking and riding his bike to school.

"But Mike, what if she *does* feel the same way? What if things are just hard for her too? What if you did that and she blamed herself for the rest of her life? And, not that it matters, but I'd really miss you."

"It just sucks to feel this way, Nance. My heart hurts. I feel like she's my fucking soulmate but how can I possibly be hers? I'm literally *nothing*. And I know there are better people out there, better people for her. It doesn't even matter if it's a guy or a girl, I know there are better people than me. So how could someone I look at as perfect ever want *me*?" Mike was starting to cry.

"You've gotta talk to her, Mike. Don't count yourself out. Not yet. Show her how special you are. I mean, I know I tease you and I'm hard on you, but you're really smart. And you're funny, and I don't want to really think about you and sex but if this girl wants to do stuff with you then I think you should consider that. If she's as *perfect* as you say she is and she chose *you*, can't you let that matter to you? Can't you see that she must see something in you?"

"I guess." Mike didn't at all sound like he believed his sister. He just thought she was trying to make him feel better and he was still feeling like he was spiraling out of control.

"Get some sleep. Things will be better in the morning. I know it." Nancy seemed so sure.

"Okay. Thanks, Nancy."

Mike went across the hall to his own bedroom and decided that in the morning he would visit the Sattler Quarry. Just scout it out.

The next morning Nancy Wheeler had just gotten up and had gone downstairs when she saw a note on the kitchen table.

*Went to the quarry. Just thinking, Nancy. I love you guys.*

Nancy was about to call for her mother when the doorbell rang.

"Hi, is Mike here? I'm El. You must be Nancy."

Nancy regarded the girl and she could see why her brother might be so smitten. She wanted to help, to be an active part, but she knew she needed to just steer them in the right direction.

"He told me about you. El, I'm, afraid he's not in the best headspace right now. He left a note, saying he went to the quarry to think. I'm worried about him. I don't know if you know, but Mike has some issues with depression. He's too smart for his own good. Maybe you can make him feel better. He seems to really care about what you think. El...never mind. He should be the one to tell you." Nancy gave El the information hoping for the best, not knowing the girl at all but knowing that her brother put her first on his list of people who mattered.

With great worry El set off for the quarry. When she finally got there and found Mike, he was standing on the edge on a rock, looking down at the water so far below.

"Mike? What are you doing?"

Mike was a little surprised that she'd shown up but he was too caught up in his own feelings and emotions to act that way.

"You know, when I was twelve, I was bullied by a kid. So was my friend. We were right here, and the kid pulled a knife on my friend Dustin. He said he'd cut him if I didn't jump off. I almost did. I thought, hey, it'll save Dustin and no one will really miss me anyway. But then they saw that I was actually gonna do it so they stopped. He let Dustin go and I didn't jump. But I think about it. I think maybe I *should* have, and then I wouldn't have to feel like I do." He didn't even turn around, only gazing at the cold water so far below him.

"What are you talking about, Mike? I don't want to think about you not being here." El wanted to go grab him and pull him away from the ledge but the way he sounded, so done with it all, so resolved, stopped her.

"You can do so much better. You deserve better than me. And you're gonna realize that and I don't think I can handle that. I lo-I don't

want to see your face when you finally understand that you can have anything you want and that *anything* doesn't include me. You really shouldn't care, El." Mike was stoic. He could hear himself but it was like someone else was saying it.

El was growing angry, not only at Mike for thinking like that, but at herself for not letting him know how much he meant to her.

"So you'd just leave? What about what *I* think? Do I even get a say?"

"I want you to be happy, El. I'm not happy so how can I make you that way? And I'm nobody! You have a chance to have friends and I'll just hold you back because I'm *nothing*. You're so smart, and beautiful, and good at everything. You deserve better than me." Mike finally turned around to look at her.

El finally was able to move. She stepped forward and pulled his arm, successfully pulling Mike away from the edge of the quarry.

"Fuck you, Mike," El still hadn't let go of his arm. "Fuck you for trying to make decisions that should be *mine*. Fuck you for making me care about you. Fuck you for making me fall in love with you."

**Author's Note: Sigh, I'm not having fun writing this. I'm just trying to get through it. I'm dealing with my own issues right now. It's Mike and El so obviously it'll come back around. If only real life was as pure. Anyway, angry sex at the quarry in the next chapter. Whenever that will be.**



## 5. Chapter 5

Well, I certainly never intended for it to take a half a year to update this story. I'm sorry about that. And I did get your comments and I'm sorry that I stopped replying. I actually thought I was going to stop writing altogether but I think doing it helps me work through my own feelings. I'm a lot like my Mike in that regard I guess. I'm too in my head...to analytical. Too insecure. Maybe I'm too trusting. Anyway, I'm going to finish this though I can't say when the next chapter update might be. I can't force it or it'll suck. But I will say I'll forever love the Magladin Tales and while the team may have disbanded (I won't bore strangers with my life) I loved every second of what went into creating these stories. It just sucks that sometimes life gets in the way of things and things have to change. But for me, some things will never change.

Anyway, thanks for sticking with me and thanks for reading. Sorry I made you wait so long. I hope I made it worthwhile.

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The air seemed to shift and a strong breeze blew as El's voice lifted and crescendoed. Mike's hair whipped in the wind.

"You said you'd tell me if something was bothering you! I have to find you *here* looking like you're going to jump?" El was mad. Adrenaline was coursing through her body. Seeing Mike so close to the edge and not seeming to care made her stomach hurt.

"When could I talk to you, El? You're always busy. Something always comes up." Mike shrugged and took a few steps away from her.

El's brows furrowed and she grabbed him, once again pulling him away from the edge. Her fingernails dug into his arm hard enough to get the point across that she was pissed.

"What do you mean? You can *always* talk to me. I thought you knew that." Still tugging his arm, El managed to get the two of them off the high rock and to a safer location.

Mike was stoic as they stood in a small thicket of young evergreens next to an even higher stone wall of the quarry. They were secluded. Pine needles carpeted the forest floor.

"Mike? *Talk* to me." El's anger intensified but she wanted to know what was going on with him.

"You don't love me. You're just saying that to talk me off the ledge and be a hero to no one. Did you finally find some time for me? I don't believe you love me. Sex isn't love. I'm off the ledge. You can go." Mike wouldn't make eye contact.

"Sex isn't love? I've just told you that I am in love with you and yet you act like I'm the worst person ever. Why?"

As she talked, El's hands moved from Mike's wrists to his forearms. She could feel the lean muscle underneath his sweater and it only made it more difficult for her to remain mad at Mike, although she was aware that he had never seen her this angry before anyway, at least not at *him*.

Tears formed in her eyes as she furrowed her eyebrows and demanded an answer. Shaking Mike's arms didn't seem to make him keen on offering one to her.

"Why?!" Her tone was raised this time, causing Mike to flinch a little. "And why are you so selfish? You would've just jumped...just like that? What's wrong with you?!"

"You say a lot of things, El. But we prioritize what's really important." Mike turned away from her, arms crossing over his chest.

"What's *that* supposed to mean?" El was starting to feel hurt instead of anger.

"You know, actions speak louder than words. You say you love me, yet you can't call me, even just to say goodnight. If I could just feel like you made a little time, just carved a few minutes into the day for me, I'd feel completely different. But these last weeks, fuck, these last *months* I've felt like you just took what you wanted when you wanted it and my needs or feelings didn't matter. And I'm not even talking

about sex right now. You know more about me than anyone else does. It sucks to miss someone and they're not even gone. It sucks to feel used. So what's wrong with me? I'll tell you." Mike took a deep breath. His heart was pounding in his chest, not only because of the current argument, but mostly due to the underlying fear of telling El his feelings.

"*Everything* is wrong with me!" Mike yelled. His voice echoed throughout the deserted landscape. "Can't you see that?! I'm petty and selfish, you just said it yourself. Maybe you could even go so far as to say I'm *toxic*, even though I'm always only trying to be caring. And I'm insecure and weird. Isn't that enough? You're like, perfect, and deserve way better than me. Why would you want to cheat yourself by being with me? I'm sure there are lots of guys who could fill my shoes and wear them better." Mike sulked against the stone wall, crossing his arms and pulling away from El. He looked at the ground.

"I dream about you. Not even sex dreams either. Only...dream El always makes time for me and I always feel safe and warm. Then I wake up and realize I haven't actually heard from you in weeks. Dream El isn't real. It makes me even sadder. I really miss you and it makes me mad that I can't just walk away and that I'm such a fucking pussy that imagining my life without you makes me want to jump into the quarry. I know that's dramatic but I'm a dramatic fuck."

"You're not!" El disagreed. "But you definitely are a dumbass. You're always in your head, and while I love your mind it messes with you, Mike. I don't want you lying awake at night wondering if I care about you. I don't want you to think I use you." El's voice trailed off a bit, getting quieter.

"You're the only person who accepts everything about me even though you're also *dumb*." El felt her emotions rising again.

"Mike... please look at me. You're an idiot. You're so stupid it's disgusting! Because you're not any of those things you've mentioned! I like you, no fuck that, I *love* you, and you're too stupid to even realize or care. Or maybe you *do* realize it and now you're just saying these things so I'll leave you alone. Maybe you just wanted to h-have sex with me and then get rid of me. Is that it? Because otherwise I

don't get it."

"Why would a loser like *me* want to get rid of *you*? I'm dumb but I'm not *that* dumb. I'm just trying to help you see that you can do better because I'm afraid, El. I'm afraid you'll suddenly realize all these things and I'll lose you. And if I miss you when I technically still have you, I don't think I could deal with *actually* losing you. Would I miss touching you? Yes. Would I miss how you smell? Yes." Mike was moving closer now, causing El to walk backwards. "Would I miss kissing you? You'd better believe it." El's back finally hit the stone wall opposite where they started. Mike closed in. "Would I miss *fucking* you?" Mike leaned in. El just stood in place. "More than anything," Mike whispered. "I just want you to know how I feel. I can't help it. I'm closer to you than to anyone. Like...not just sex. Like *everything*."

"But w-why do you think of missing it?" El traced her fingers over his sharp jawline before her thumb rubbed circles on his cheek.

"Why can't you just have it? All of it. Anytime you want. You know you can do that, right? Having me..."

Her voice was a whisper over his mouth, their lips barely touching as her gaze alternated between his sad piercing eyes and his plump lips.

"Why would you love me?" Mike asked, his anger or annoyance or whatever it had been draining away. Feeling El's fingers on his face seemed to have a calming effect. Their faces were so close he could see their breath mingling in the cool air. It had been weeks since they'd been this close and Mike's body was reacting. Still, as much as he wanted to take her against that rock, he needed to know why.

"Because...I don't know. I just do," El confessed with tremor in her voice.

She hated being so vulnerable in front of someone, but this was Mike, the boy she had trusted in an instant and the boy who made her the happiest.

"You're smart. And cute. And funny, too. Not right now, though. Now you've scared me and it breaks my heart to know that you don't trust

me enough to realize that I *do* love you. Who wouldn't love you, Mike? You're amazing. You've always made me feel like I found my home."

Her eyelashes fluttered closed as their lips sealed. Even though El was the one to close the gap between their bodies, Mike didn't hesitate to wrap his arm around her waist and pull her even closer. It was short and breathless and when they pulled for air El continued.

"You've seen me like nobody else has because I trusted you so quickly. Because I felt like I could. And yet you don't trust me," El whispered.

Mike had a sudden moment of clarity. Maybe El was just as weird as he was and that's why everything was so easy for them. But he couldn't *not* be Mike Wheeler, so he was stubborn as usual. Mike stepped away from El.

El's anger returned, wanting to punch him. Instead, she pushed him against the stone wall of the quarry. *Hard*.

"Do you even care what it would do to *me* to lose *you*?" El's voice raised, her words coming out as a slight scream. "You're going to make me hate you. You're going to break my heart because you're too in your head," El choked, her tears spilling down her cheeks.

"No! Not gonna cry." El wiped her tears with the back of her hand. "Not gonna cry because you're *dumb*!" She was starting to break.

"*I'm dumb?!*" Mike almost laughed, not because anything was particularly funny but because she was fighting so hard for him and he didn't know how to react.

"Yeah, you *suck*!" El pushed him again, her hands balled into fists, collapsing into his chest and trying to hold back sobs. Mike caught her wrists and pulled her even closer.

"You were the one who started this," Mike whispered. "*Mike, could you make me cum?* If all you'd wanted was to be friends, I'd have done that. I just wanted to make you feel loved and wanted."

With his arms around her, El suddenly needed to be even closer.

"Make me feel that way right now then." El nuzzled under Mike's chin, her head tilted so that she could kiss his neck as he held her. The kiss quickly traveled to his lips and the two of them sank into each other.

"I *am* an idiot," Mike growled, his hands fumbling frantically. "Why would I ever want to push you away more? I've been going crazy these past few weeks missing you." Mike's hands went to El's skirt, starting to hitch it up over her hips. "I...I love you too, El. I love how you do everything. Mostly I love how I feel when I'm with you. It's so much better than when I'm not with you." He kissed her again, his fingers roaming over her tights. The skirt was around El's waist but the tights were still a barrier.

"I'll buy you a new pair," Mike breathed into her neck as he ripped her black tights at the crotch, pulling them until he created room. El seemed to understand and was freeing his cock from his pants as Mike started to lift her up.

"We can be quick so you don't get cold. I'll make you warm." With one hand Mike slipped her panties to the side as El wrapped her legs around his waist. He could feel her heat radiating on his naked dick but he was going to let her sink herself down on him.

"We don't have to be quick. Or we can if you want to. But we're spending the night together. This is not over," El murmured as she struggled to grab a hold of Mike's dick. When she finally did so, she positioned it at her entry and slid down on it in one go.

Mike was fully enveloped by El's warmth and they sighed in unison, their foreheads glued as El tried to lift herself and drop her pussy on Mike's dick.

"I'm not leaving you until you realize how important you are to me. But I need you to fuck me now, okay? Help me ride your cock. It's all the way in. Can you feel when I'm squeezing you?"

"Fuck yes. Oh God you feel so good," Mike's mind was spasming. It was like the first time all over again. He held on to El's ass, helping her lift herself and then letting her drop back down.

"You need it? Need my cock? I'll help you ride it. Fuck, your ass fits so perfectly in my hands. Like my hands were made to hold it. Made to lift you up so you can slam back down and make me go deep inside you." El clung to Mike's neck, not letting her face move too far away from his. Mike felt himself lift her, her smooth ass tight in his big hands, then he felt it as her pussy swallowed him again. El's face had almost connected with his when he lost his footing and began to fall backwards. His first instinct was to hold on tightly to El and to take the brunt of the fall himself.

Hitting the pine needle covered floor, Mike heard El yelp and knew it was because the fall had sent his dick extra deep and now he was more than buried inside her. She straddled him now.

"Oh fuck, are you okay?" Mike asked, still holding her upper body close. He kissed her forehead while she caught her breath.

"Y-Yeah. But do it again."

Mike seemed confused and El smiled, aware that she had to be more specific. Supporting herself on her knees and lifting her hips up just slightly only to drop all the way down on Mike, she whispered. "Fuck yourself into me. Really hard. I liked that. I want to feel you so deep I can't breathe. I want to feel all of you, Mike. You're perfect," El said through kisses, her lips going from Mike's cheek to his lips and then to his neck.

Mike wanted to please. She had pulled him from the ledge when he knew he was probably going to jump, having spiraled with his dark thoughts. She had confessed her love when he was being an ass, she offered herself to him freely and wanted more. Mike could give more. For El, he knew he would give anything.

El started to sit up to ride him but Mike pulled her back down.

"Need you close. I'll do the work," he whispered as his lips once again found hers. He lifted his hips repeatedly, giving in to El's wish and fucking up into her. He could feel her skin against his stomach where his shirt had ridden up.

"Is that good? Need more? I'll do anything, El. Anything."

"Any...thing?" El struggled to stay still, but Mike was pounding her so hard from below all she could do was gasp and squeeze her eyes shut.

Mike hummed in approval at her question and she decided to meet his thrusts, her hips forcing his cock to go even deeper inside her womb. She moaned into his neck and lapped at the sensitive skin.

"Then let me love you. I want...o-oh...I really want to love you Mike. Will you let me? Will you accept that I do?" As she talked, her face hovered over his and they made every effort to keep eye contact while still fucking each other so hard.

"I said anything. You really wanna spend the night?" Mike asked, lifting his hips with gusto to meet El's continuous mounting. She nodded, licking his neck. "I want to sleep with you. Like *hold* you and sleep. Nancy's home so you'll have to stay in the basement. I'll come down there." Mike gazed into her eyes, her pupils blown even in the light of day.

"I love fucking you outside. I love that you let me. Maybe sex isn't love but ours is." Mike kissed her again.

"It...is. I want to do...*everything* with you. Not just this. Even though, oh fuck...this is so good," El cried out, her pussy quivering around Mike's dick as he never ceased the exertion.

"P-Promise me something."

Her lips pressed over his and he nodded eagerly. El admired his splendor - how the sweaty strands of hair stuck to his temples and how he kept his eyes shut and his lips into a thin line. He was beyond beautiful and El couldn't stop herself from pressing her lips all over his face while they still fucked.

"Promise we're gonna...do this again. Tonight. And you'll let me show you...how much I love you. Promise." All the while Mike was gripping her ass tightly as they joined again and again with furious passion.

Mike opened his eyes. El was looking at him with a mixture of love and lust, but he thought it was mostly love.



"I promise. But I feel like *I* need to show *you*. Can you turn around without me pulling out? I'll help you." Mike arched his back, holding El's legs as he spun her on his cock until she was sitting backwards on him.

Then he sat up.

"Is this nice?" He asked, rubbing her breasts as he pushed her gently forward so that her clit would rub on his shaft. He liked how it felt to have her ass on his thighs as he fucked her from behind while she sat on him. Before long El bent her knees more, straddling him backwards and using her legs to fuck herself back and forth while Mike sat still.

"Oh fuck yes, fuck me just like that. Oh God! It's so good." Mike couldn't help himself. He pushed her forward more, somehow getting to his knees without removing his dick from El's pussy. He knew she'd get dirty this way but he didn't care. The sounds she was making told him El didn't mind.

He lay on top of her on the soft pine needles. Mike could feel her ass against his pelvis as he kept banging his cock deep into her. He moved his hand underneath her.

"Gonna keep my hand on your pussy so it feels good. Gonna make your pussy feel as good as you make me feel."

"Feels...the best," El mewled, a string of saliva hanging from the corner of her mouth as Mike didn't cease the rough pounding.

She could feel the pine needles digging into her flesh now that Mike had her trapped underneath and drilling into her so hard she could only cry out in pleasure. The hand he kept on her pussy only increased the euphoric feeling and she found herself pushing her cunt back and forth on his cock, her ass sticking to his pelvis with every deep thrust.

"You ripped my tights...and you're fucking me...fuck, don't...stop, please! You're fucking me here...where anyone could see. But I don't care. I love you so m-much. Please don't stop!"

As she begged, she made sure to rub her clit on Mike's fingertips. Her whole body hurt and cramped from being pressed into the rough carpet of needles but all she could think of was how Mike was going to make her cum outside after ripping her clothes off.

"You're the best," Mike panted as he kept his fingers close enough to touch her but far enough so that every time he thrust into her she'd press against them harder.

"Cum for me, El. Cum all over my fingers and my cock. You feel so good sliding on it, taking my dick here on the forest floor, you're gonna make me fucking shoot inside you. You like it when I do, right? Like to feel my cock throb and pulse as I spurt my load into you? Like to feel it drip back out afterwards? I'm really close. Squeeze me like you do," Mike said, his tone more commanding. He swirled his fingers on her clit in the opposite direction as he'd been moving them and kissed the back of her neck.

"Oh yeah, I feel it. Cum all over me. Oh fuck! Jesus so tight! I'm cumming too. So hard in you..."

Mike let go, feeling El cum and hearing her cries of pleasure. She was crying his name and he thought he'd never heard any more beautiful sound.

While still spasming uncontrollably under Mike, El succumbed to the pleasure of having her insides filled with cum. It was warm and seemingly never-ending with Mike breathing heavily on top of her as his hips thrashed a few more times before he was finally empty.

They lay there for a few more seconds before he rolled over and lay on his back next to El while she pushed herself on her elbows to look at him. His eyes were closed and he had a silly smile plastered on his tired face. A smile that El couldn't resist kissing and that was what she did after clinging onto Mike's body. When her leg wrapped around his she could feel the warm cum seeping out of her cunt and she sighed, contented that Mike was the one who did this to her.

El lay her head on Mike's chest, feeling his heart beat on her face.

"Don't ever scare me like that again. Being scared about losing the

one you love most is the worst." El's small hand moved into Mike's much larger one.

"I'm sorry I scared you. You'll probably need to kick my ass occasionally."

El laughed, then became more serious.

"It's okay if you don't believe that I love you right now. I'm going to show you. I promise."

**A/N: I'm thinking maybe three more chapters to this story, though at this time they are merely transient ideas floating through my head. I know a few things I definitely want to happen but not necessarily how I'll make them happen yet. After that, there is only one more Magladin story. I keep pushing it aside, not wanting to work on formatting it because reading it will take me back to when we were writing it and that was just plain the best ever. I thought it would go on forever. But I'll get to it. It's very long. I just want to make it perfect. If anyone cares, I have another account that has some stories that are somewhat in this vein but I think they're way tamer. It's MonsterSquad (formerly Calpurnia011-I made that name before the band got big because I like To Kill a Mockingbird but I'm not really into the band so I changed it) and I'm proud of them, even if they aren't all smutty.**

## 6. Chapter 6

**Hope I didn't rush this but I had an idea so welp, here it is.**

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Back at the Wheeler house late that afternoon, Nancy Wheeler noticed that her brother no longer seemed to be the sullen boy from the night before. She noticed how he looked at El, and how El looked at him, and Nancy knew she was going to help them.

Of course El was invited to stay for dinner, she was always welcome. El felt like it was her second home and definitely the only one where she got actual meals created with love and the four food groups.

As everyone took their places around the dinner table, Nancy noticed that Mike winced when he sat down.

"Did you hurt yourself, Mike?" She asked. She noticed as well how concerned El now looked upon hearing Nancy point out that Mike looked to be in pain.

"I kinda fell at the quarry. I guess I slipped on some pine needles and landed on my ass," Mike explained. "It's sore now but I didn't realize it until I sat down in this hard chair."

"Language," Ted Wheeler offered his only input to the conversation.

El's mind was already whirling, already forming ideas. She knew exactly when he'd hurt himself only she hadn't known it had really hurt him until now. She spent the majority of dinner thinking of how she could make it better.

"Mom? I was thinking," Nancy started. "Since a lot of times El sleeps in my room and I'm home this weekend, what if she just stayed in the basement tonight? I mean, what if I was down there too, and Mike, and it was like a sleepover?" Nancy had no intention of sleeping in the basement but she knew her mother wouldn't say no to such a proposition. She knew Karen Wheeler loved it when her children acted even *remotely* like friends.

"Were you planning to stay the night, El?" Karen asked.

"I mean, I'd *like* to. Dad works late and probably won't be home until close to 3:00 in the morning. If it's okay with you I'd rather stay here." Under the table, El's leg eased around Mike's, their calves rubbing together. Her hand nonchalantly rested on his upper thigh.

"That sounds like a great idea, Nancy!" Karen almost squealed. "Plus, with the three of you down there, El won't be as cold and won't feel alone."

"I don't think El will feel alone at all." Nancy looked across the table and winked at her brother.

After dinner, since Nancy was home, the family decided to play a game. The six of them, El included, sat around the coffee table in the living room and played Trivial Pursuit. Ted was in his chair; Nancy, Holly, and Karen were on the sofa; and Mike and El sat in the floor on the other side of the table. They weren't wearing shoes because ever since the Wheelers had gotten new carpet, it was a rule that shoes came off at the door. It was more comfortable without shoes anyway. They played two games. In the first game they were each a different color, with Mike being blue and El being pink. It was clear early on that Mike or Nancy would be the winner. In the second game, they decided to play as teams. Mike and El teamed up, with Mike letting her keep the pink piece for their team. As they sat in the floor Mike would occasionally stretch his neck and was constantly shifting, trying to get comfortable. El knew then what she was going to do...if she got the chance.

As they played, El moved the sole of her foot to Mike's. She could feel his toes on her toes and she wiggled, trying to hold his foot through her sock. With the hand that wasn't on the table, El caressed his foot, being sure to be unnoticeable. Mike coughed when he felt her touch him, surprised by her boldness with his family *right there* and knowing only Nancy knew there was anything between him and the charming girl sitting in the floor beside him.

For El, it wasn't just sitting in the floor with Mike and playing footsie that was making her happy. Being with his family, playing a game, laughing with them, made her feel so at home and included and

loved.

They played until a little past 9:00 and then Mike, El, and Nancy went down to the basement. The plan was to watch a movie until they got tired. That was the official story for their mother anyway. Once in the basement, Nancy made a large pallet on the floor. As she worked, she explained her plan.

"I don't really want details but here's what's going to happen," Nancy explained. "I'm going to stay down here for an hour or so and then I'm going to go up to my room. I'll say I thought the floor was too hard. I'll say that El was already nodding off on the couch when I went upstairs and that I told you," she looked at Mike, "to throw a blanket over her before you went to sleep on the pallet. I *know* that's not what is going to happen but I wanted you two to be able to sleep down here alone. Do whatever you need to do." With that, she finished quite an impressive pallet, having used soft blankets on the floor and knowing that it probably wouldn't *really* be too hard but it had never been her plan to sleep down there.

Mike couldn't believe it. His sister was actually *cool*.

"Jeez, thanks, Nance," Mike almost whispered.

"See? Not everything is bullshit." Nancy smiled and sat down on the sofa.

A few minutes into the movie they had decided to watch to kill time until Nancy went upstairs, El excused herself to the basement bathroom. While Mike and Nancy watched the beginning of *A Nightmare on Elm Street 3: Dream Warriors*, El searched the bathroom cabinets for what she was hoping to find. There had been a short argument about what movie they would watch. Mike had rented the horror film the day before when his mother and his sister rented *Some Kind of Wonderful* and even though El really would have rather watched the more romantic movie, she wanted to let Mike have his way.

In the bottom drawer of the vanity she found it. She wasn't sure if she'd be any good at what she wanted to use it for but she thought she could try. She was going to wait until after Nancy went upstairs,

of course. She took three towels from the shelf and placed them on the toilet seat, with her newfound treasure sitting atop them, just waiting for her return a while later.

The three of them watched the movie, El in the middle of the sofa, holding Mike's hand. When the puppet on the wall turned into Freddy Krueger and jumped down, Nancy was done.

"Nope. This is going to give me nightmares. I'm going upstairs. You two have a good night and stay quiet and *you are welcome*."

She smiled at the couple and made her way back up to her bedroom. Mike looked at El. She was smiling at him, even though on the screen something very *un-smiley* was taking place.

"I'm sorry you're hurting. I want to try to fix it," she told him.

"How?"

El got up and went to the bathroom, retrieving the towels and the other thing.

"I'll give you a massage. I've seen it on TV. I think I can do it. You can always tell me if it hurts. I even found some baby oil in the bathroom so it can be like at a spa. But I think you'll need to strip down to your boxers. I brought towels so nothing gets oily. Here, get up." El lovingly pulled Mike to his feet and shooed him aside. After he was off the sofa she removed the cushions, laying them in the floor and then covering them with the towels.

"Go ahead and get undressed. I'm going to put this old shirt on," El said as she rummaged in the clean laundry basket, finding a t-shirt she knew was Mike's. She let her clothes drop to the floor and lifted the soft tee over her head, with Mike watching the whole time. She watched him gulp when she removed her underwear.

"I'm gonna sleep in this shirt too. So, you know, just getting ready for that," she explained, barely able to hide the glint in her eyes.

At first El tried to really be helpful and clinical with her massage. She squirted a bit of baby oil onto her hands and started with Mike's shoulders. She wasn't sure how hard she should push but he didn't

make any sounds that made her think she was hurting him. She knew it was his backside and maybe his upper thighs that were actually sore but they had all night, Nancy had seen to that, and she saw no reason to not give him the best massage she might be capable of.

Kneeling at his head, El worked on his shoulders. Hearing Mike moan softly in approval was affecting her. Her hands found their way to his hair and she rubbed his head.

"You know," El began as her fingers massaged Mike's scalp, "I was really scared when I moved here. I missed my mom so *much*." Her fingernails scratched his head and Mike sighed. "I knew she was sick but I never let myself think I was actually going to *lose* her. I wish I'd told her how much I loved her. Anyway, I tried to act tough here. I thought maybe then no one would pick on me or notice that I was scared out of my mind." El's fingers gracefully danced across Mike's neck, rubbing circles with her thumbs.

"Then I met *you*. Mike," El bent her head down and softly kissed his shoulder. Mike could smell her raspberry lotion even through his t-shirt. "From that first night down here, I've felt things I never thought I would. I'm really sorry I wasn't clear about that." El moved, going down to Mike's feet. She used more baby oil as she started rubbing them, his toes first.

"I'm going to always be clear from now on," she explained. "I didn't know you had any depression issues. Maybe I can't fix *everything* but I'll never stop trying to." Her hands moved up, moving to the backs of Mike's calves. "Oh, you're getting all slippery. Does it feel nice?"

Mike was already hard as he laid there on the cushions. Her massage indeed *was* nice but he knew she was nowhere near finished and he knew she was going to take her time. He found that he liked that.

"So nice. Will you do the backs of my thighs? Kinda sore." It was true, but also Mike wanted to feel her hands higher. He wanted to see what position she'd take to get to where he was hurting.

"I'll have to straddle your legs. Is that a problem?" El kidded.

"Yes, a problem like winning the \$100,000,000 lottery," Mike



answered.

El giggled. She moved to his legs, straddling them just above his knees. Even though she'd been thinking about this it still caught her off guard when she felt the warm skin of his thighs against her bare center.

"I can do the fronts of your thighs too in a bit if you want," El breathed, squirting oil onto the backs of Mike's legs. A little of it got on the shirt she was wearing. "Oh damn, Mike, I'm sorry. I got oil on your shirt. I think I should take it off."

Mike bit his lip. He now had a naked El sitting atop him. No, Mike had a naked and *oily* El sitting on him. He couldn't see her but he could feel her and that was enough for the moment.

"I definitely want you to massage my front too. Maybe I could give *you* a massage," Mike mused.

"Let's see what happens," El said, already peeling Mike's tight boxers down his legs. She got off long enough to remove them altogether, then resumed her position. Now she squirted oil more liberally onto his back and his ass. She liked watching it drip down before she worked it into his skin.

El rubbed Mike's ass cheeks and the backs of his thighs. She really did want to make whatever was hurting feel better. She hadn't anticipated how terribly turned on the massage would make her. She'd known all day that she was going to be with Mike tonight but this was new and this was definitely exciting and before they got too carried away, El wanted to make a few other things clear.

"While I have your attention," she said as she leaned forward, her oily hands pushing all the way up to Mike's shoulders before slowly moving back down toward his ass, "I know we're young but I think what I feel for you is ageless. Like, you know, if I'd met you when we were 4 years old I think I'd feel the same way. Not like sex and stuff, but like that you were just *mine*...that you were my *family* and meant to be in my life forever." El's hands squeezed Mike's sides, feeling his muscles tighten as she moved her fingers to loosen them.

"But I met you when I was already grown and I think everything was intensified. It was like you'd always known what I needed exactly and I couldn't imagine anyone else ever understanding me so well." El's hands were massaging deeper, or more sensually. Her fingers moved to his ass and would occasionally tickle Mike's balls.

"The first time you touched my head, I think I knew. I just *knew* I could tell you anything."

With another liberal squirt of oil across Mike's back, El did something she had only thought of a second earlier. She leaned down, letting her breasts press against him. She was oily too, having accidentally had the bottle pointed the wrong way on one occasion. Laying on top of Mike only made her oilier.

"Is this okay?" She asked as she started to massage him with her whole body. Her legs straddled his ass and she could rub herself on it. She used her hands to rub his arms while her chest pressed into his back, the oil making it easy for her to slide around on him.

"Oh fuck, what are you doing?" Mike asked. Feeling her slide on him was perhaps the most erotic thing he'd ever felt.

"I'm massaging you. It feels good for me too. I can slide up," El demonstrated, feeling her clit scrape across Mike's ass cheeks, the oil allowing her to glide easily up his back. "And I can slide down," once again she demonstrated, slowly dragging her wet and oily pussy lips and her soft yet toned thighs down Mike's torso.

Mike felt her move, then felt her on his leg, grinding herself into the back of his thigh while she held on to his ass.

"El, I want you to do my front now. Will you?"

"Yeah," El was almost panting, "but first I want to try this." She moved from Mike's leg.

Mike felt her again on his back, feeling her squirt more baby oil onto him first. Something was different though. He no longer felt her breasts against him. Then he figured it out as El slipped down him, laying on her back and sliding down easily until their asses touched.

She put her arms through Mike's and used them to hold herself in place while she let her lower body slip and slide all over Mike. She moved back and forth, her oily ass rubbing Mike's only serving to make him think that surely his dick would explode any second for real.

"Fuck, I wish I could see this," Mike complained, but not in an annoyed manner.

That made El think. "Mike, I want to make that movie with you soon. I want to watch it together when we're sitting on the couch at age 70 and don't want to watch reruns." She turned over again, embracing Mike from behind as she grinded against him once more. She kissed his earlobe and whispered into it.

"Turn over now," El commanded.

Mike rolled over to see a very oily El. Her skin was slick with it and her hair was damp. She smiled at him and he touched her. El moved down to straddle his cock, not letting him put it inside. She had other plans just then.

"Spray me with oil," she breathed. Her oily hands had found Mike's achingly hard cock and she was stroking it, oiling it, letting him feel her weight on it but not letting him inside. Mike sprayed the oil, a fountain of it jetting out and hitting her breasts, bouncing off and cascading down her abdomen. He rubbed it into her breasts, teasing and pinching her nipples as she teased him back.

Mike could hear the extra squishy noises the oil was causing as they moved on each other. It only made everything hotter.

"You wanna make a porn with me? Where?" Mike asked. They'd talked about it casually but he'd never thought she'd *really* want to go through with it.

"Well *here*, obviously. The basement." El was getting more desperate, beginning to lay atop Mike, letting his cock slide between her folds, eagerly anticipating when she'd finally let herself give in. Slipping and sliding on him felt too nice to rush though.

"This is where you made yourself feel good before you met me." El licked Mike's neck. His hands were on her hips and she could feel his fingers gripping her ass and spreading her cheeks apart. "This is where you first made me cum." El looked into his eyes, her hands in Mike's hair, as she felt the tip of his cock rubbing against her clit. "This is where we made a storm inside that was more impressive than the storm outside." She couldn't hold out any longer.

"I definitely want to do it here," El exhaled as she finally let Mike's rigid and dripping cock enter her. She sat up as she sank down on it, moving slowly, looking down to watch it disappear. "Oh, god, it's always so *good*," she sighed.

Only the lamp on the side table was on and the oil on El's body made her glisten. Mike ran his hands down her taut abdomen. Finally being inside her after the massage she'd just given him made him shiver with want. He started to rhythmically buck up into her. He knew that after the amount of teasing they'd both just experienced it wouldn't take overly long to cum together. But Mike didn't want to be too fast.

"We can do it wherever you want, El," Mike grunted as he fucked her.

"I fucking love it when you're inside me," El whispered. She moved back and forth, not letting him pull out very far at all. With him fucking up into her, she could feel how deep he was. "Need you so deep." El realized she wasn't just saying that in the moment. She felt like she needed him in her *soul* and she found that she didn't want to break eye contact just then. She wanted to look into his eyes. If actions spoke louder than words she hoped hers were screaming.

"Make me cum," her face just millimeters from his, having leaned forward to be closer, El barely made any noise with her words. "Need you to make me cum right now, Mike. *Please*."

Her gyrations sped up. Mike felt her pushing down, swallowing his cock, sucking it into her body. She wouldn't look away from him and was mumbling almost incoherently, but Mike knew what she was saying.

"I'm gonna. I'm gonna make you cum all over my dick. You *need* it. I know you do." Mike licked El's lips. She whined. "Fuck you're so oily

and hot, sliding all over me. I think you deserve to cum *twice* tonight. Do you think my hard cock inside you could make you cum twice? Do you want it to?"

El was getting frantic. Hanging onto his hair while she looked at him, her eyes almost crossing because her face was so close to his, she begged. "Please do it. Please! I love it when you make me cum. I love *you*."

Mike held her hips, pushing her down on his thick shaft and pumping into her. Her hips were so slippery that his thumbs slipped and pushed her folds open. He thought it was a happy accident so he used his thumbs to rub her swollen clit, alternating between his left and his right, as he continued to fuck her.

"Fuck!" El shouted, not caring that she'd been loud but then remembering where she was. "Shit, sorry, don't stop that, Mike," her voice changed to a whisper. "Your big cock is making...me...fuck I feel it." El leaned as close to Mike as she could with his thumbs still rubbing her clit. She felt it then.

"Makingmecum, Mike. Makingmecum, makingmecum, makingmecum," El came while she gazed into his eyes. She felt it hard, Mike didn't stop moving his thumbs, and she could feel her entire insides, or what *felt* like her entire insides, hammering and pounding and pulsing with the warmest sensation that made her head fuzzy and made her loins crave more.

"You're so good at that," El kissed Mike, her heart still beating rapidly. She kissed him again, though deeper and longer. She didn't want to come entirely back down before she was up again. She still had Mike to take care of, and that was one of her favorite things to do. He was still hard inside her. "Thank you for that. Now it's your turn. You can do whatever you want." El squeezed his still rock hard dick with her pussy.

"Anything I want, huh?" Mike thought about it. "Do you know how crazy good it felt when you were sliding on my back with oil all over you? Do you want to know?"

"I said anything you want. And it felt pretty good to do it too so yes,

I'd love to know how it feels to be the receiver." El's lips were just playing with Mike's as they conversed, not really kissing but toying with each other.

"Okay, lay down on your stomach." Mike pulled out, feeling momentarily lost. He didn't realize that El felt momentarily empty when he did it.

El lay on her stomach on the towels and felt Mike slather baby lotion all over her back and her ass and her legs.

"Oh, Jesus, you are so hot," Mike hissed as he traced over her body with his fingers. He squirted a tad more oil onto his torso and then placed himself on her back. "Let me know if you can't breathe."

El liked feeling his weight on her. She could definitely breathe. Feeling how slippery he was excited her even more. She could feel his hard cock slipping over her, sliding through her ass crack, rubbing her thighs as Mike moved around.

"Oh, that *does* feel good. So hot. Mike, put it back in. I want you back inside me." El tried to spread her legs, trying to make room for him, but Mike held them together.

"Gonna do it like this," he said as he straddled her, keeping her legs together. Mike held his slippery hard cock at her opening and pushed, the position of her legs making her even tighter.

"Mmm, yeah, that works too," El hummed. Mike was long enough for this position to work and she liked how he felt when he pushed all the way in and she could feel his lower stomach on her ass.

Mike found a rhythm. He gave her a series of short, deep, thrusts followed by slow, long fucking. He never let his cock pull all the way out.

"Is it deep enough?" He asked. He was about to lay atop her, wanting to be close, wanting to have his legs on her legs while his dick ravaged her from behind. He liked to hear her breathlessness as he fucked her. He liked how needy she was for him.

"I love it. I love it when you c-cum in me," El literally panted, though

not because she couldn't breathe. "Get closer." El strained her neck to try to see him.

"Damn, it's like you read my mind," Mike declared softly as he let himself cover her with his own body. His hard rod glided into her oily pussy, her legs together, him on top of her. He could feel her soft legs with his own and could feel her ass squishing against his pelvis as he pushed himself inside each time. His head was so close to hers now that he could whisper to her and he could lick her neck and her earlobe. He ran his fingers through her hair as his tongue traced the pinna of her ear.

"You're gonna make me cum in you. You always do. El, you're so good at doing it. Do you really want to make a porn with me? Want to watch me fucking you?" He asked. He knew the answer but somehow talking about it while he was doing it was turning him on even more.

"Yes, I want to see it so much. Ever since that day in my bedroom when we watched in the mirror I've wanted to. I wanna watch my face when you make me feel better than anything. I wanna watch you get hard and I wanna watch you stuff your big dick inside my little pussy." El was pushing her ass and pelvis up, meeting Mike's cock as she talked. He was speeding up, both of them getting more and more turned on. "Then I wanna watch your cum ooze and drip out of me and I want to be able to watch it whenever I want." The vision she had created in her mind combined with what Mike's cock was currently doing to her was almost too much.

"Fuck, Mike, I'm gonna cum. Cum with me. Fill me up and let my pussy pulse around you and suck it all out." She turned her head, trying valiantly to catch Mike's lips in hers. She succeeded.

Mike's kiss was sloppy, his tongue in her mouth and on her lips, but not caring because what she'd said was doing its job.

"Yeah," he rumbled lowly, "I'm cumming. Cum all over my hard dick, El." He shoved himself in, feeling his explosion of semen already moving through his balls at breakneck speed.

"M-Miike," El's hands shot to Mike's hair and she held him where he

was, pressed against her with his dick so far in her pussy he was sure he was literally in her uterus. Her hips continued to push back on him, in rhythm with the internal pulsing she was feeling, and that Mike was feeling too because her climax had been so strong. She held him there for at least two minutes after. Mike kissed her ears and her neck and told her he loved her.

She finally let go and allowed Mike to pull out and when she rolled over on the cushions, Mike got a treat.

"Holy shit. Yep, we're totally doing what you said," he stated gleefully as he looked at El's pussy. El was confused. "El, look down. That is so ridiculously fucking *hot*."

El looked and saw. Mike's thick white cum was dripping out onto the towels. She was glad she'd chosen white ones. It *did* look hot. Her pelvis was still covered in oil and his cum was smeared on her lips and dipping down into her ass.

"Totally filming that," Mike said again.

"As long as you make me feel like *that*, I'll do anything you want," El said. She sounded tired.

They cleaned up, throwing the towels into the washing machine. Mike would just do a load first thing in the morning and his mother would never know what just happened on her linens. El cleaned herself up a little in the bathroom, putting Mike's shirt back on so she was wearing something just in case someone should come into the basement at any time.

They crawled onto the pallet together, snuggling close, still feeling high from their activities.

"Mike, I've been thinking about it. I'm not totally letting you off the hook but I tried to look at it from your perspective. If it seemed like *you* didn't have time for *me*, I think I'd be sad too. I'm gonna try to always make sure you know I'm thinking about you, even if I have to be doing other things. I *do* want to show you instead of just tell you."

Mike let his nose sink into her hair as she continued.



"I know we're still in high school and there's only so much I can actually do to show you and there are some things we're not old enough for yet, but I know I want to do those things when we're older. I know I want to help pay bills and I want to take turns making the bed and doing the dishes. I want to surprise you with your favorite foods when I think you need a surprise. I want to kill spiders in the house because they scare you."

"They don't *scare* me, I just don't *like* them," Mike quipped. El kissed his neck.

"Right. *That's* it," she laughed. "I want to hold you if you have a bad dream. I really just want to be anything you might need." El let her face cuddle close to his body.

"I want that too, El. All that stuff, I want that too. Except the spiders." Mike tickled her side and she threw one leg over him, not in a sexual way, but just to be closer.

"But for now all I can do is be your best friend, your most trusted ally. All I can be is the person who makes you feel the most loved. I plan to do that. Mike," El propped herself up to look at him, "if everyone had someone who made them feel the way you make me feel then this world would be a beautiful place."

Mike pulled her close and kissed her, feeling the same. On one hand he felt like an ass for having ever doubted her but on the other hand, maybe it had caused them to become even closer.

"Go to sleep, El. Have good dreams."

**A/N: I'm now thinking that I can finish this in just one more chapter. Originally it was going to be a one-shot anyway, so I'm surprised I could eek this much out of it. But I want to start working on another story and it's going to be a lot of effort. Not effort I mind, but effort nonetheless. And I can't start something without finishing something first, at least as far as this goes. I get confused. Thanks for reading. I know my Milevens are nothing that would ever happen in the real world, or I've resigned myself to that, but it's still nice to make them be everything I wish I had**